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The Week

BOTH Relief Administrator Harry Hopkins and Mr. Roosevelt have recently issued public statements demanding that the individual states pay a larger share of the cost of unemployment relief this winter. In doing so, they have supported a political necessity at the expense of an economic fact. If the productive income of the country were fairly divided among the states, and if such income stayed in the locality where it was created, there would be more justification for the demand that each community should "look after its own." In fact, however, there is much deep poverty in some parts of the country than in others, for reasons that have nothing to do with the industry and frugality of the population: areas of a dying enterprise, like coal mining, or those suffering from calamity, like the drought region, must be helped by the more fortunate residents of other localities. It is also true that much of the income earned in one part of the country is regularly drained off through absentee ownership for spending or reinvestment in another part, or overseas.

AN ECONOMIC dictator, if we had one, would certainly look upon the national relief problem as one unit, assembling his resources from wherever they existed and applying them wherever need was greatest. Messrs. Hopkins and Roosevelt, however, are confronted by a condition. In many parts of the country there is a strong disposition to extract as much as possible from the federal government and to lay the lightest burden on the wealth at home. There is also a tendency to be reckless in the expenditure of federal funds, through the feeling that this is money that falls from the sky, and so need not be counted out too parsimoniously. As usual, it is unhappy victims of economic misfortune who will suffer most from the tug-of-war between Washington and the local governments.

IN REFUSING registration—and hence the privilege of being traded on the Stock Exchange—to the $8,000,000 B.M.T. bonds, the Securities and Exchange Commission has taken a step whose formal correctness does not explain or justify the whole mysterious operation. The bonds have been traded in since July and the Commission's delay in taking any action against them must have served, intentionally or not, to permit the bankers for the issue to effect most of the distribution. These B.M.T. bonds are, in fact, a test case of the Securities Act of 1933 and of the exchange-control legislation. The issue was brought out "orally" and without registration under the Securities Act. If it is possible in such a case to list bonds on the Exchange, subsequent distribution to the public can be accomplished, for many issues, without registering them and filing the information required by the Securities Act. From the beginning, the handling of the issue was an attempt to get around the provisions of the Securities Act requiring the filing of information about the issuing corporation. The recent announcement that the B.M.T. will fight the suspension of trading in the courts indicates how determined Wall Street is to go on playing the game in the same old way.

ONE sidelight on this case is that the decision to refuse registration to the bonds was made by the Commission with Chairman Joseph P. Kennedy not sitting, on the ground that he is a B.M.T. stockholder. Mr. Kennedy's action was entirely correct

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and the moment seems opportune for him to announce a complete list of his holdings so that the public can know in advance about the other cases in which he cannot sit. When Arthur E. Morgan became chairman of the Tennessee Valley Authority he made a complete public list of his investments. It is a valuable precedent for all public officials dealing with finance.

THE latest ukase of Hjalmar Schacht, president of the Reichsbank and Minister of Economics, forbids German travelers to take more than ten Reichsmarks across the border unless permission to do so has been previously requested and granted. This makes travel virtually impossible for the average German and puts difficulties in the way of all tourists. Cook's travel bureau discontinued the issuance of railroad tickets throughout Germany two weeks ago. The offices of the M.E.R. (Mitteleuropaeische Reisebureau) have announced that they will sell railroad transportation to other countries only as far as the German border. It is expected that the German railways, too, will discontinue the issuance of tickets for transportation to other countries. The lack of foreign exchange that made it impossible for the Reichsbank to satisfy the demands of the M.E.R. and other travel bureaus is, of course, not a recent development. But it was aggravated by the "new economic policy" which went into effect September 24. The much vaunted "orderliness" of the German has given place, in the nation's economic affairs, to a system of arbitrary confusion in which no one can foretell what the next step will be. Living conditions are going from bad to worse. Figures published by the Berlin Forschungsstelle für den Handel show that the consumption of foodstuffs was 4 percent higher in July, 1934, than in July, 1933. But since the price index for July, 1934, is 6.6 percent above that of the previous year, it means that the German people in July consumed about 2.5 percent less than in the previous year. The month of August brought a sudden decrease in buying power that left the gradual reduction of the past year far behind. Compared with 1930, the consuming power of the nation has fallen not less than 27.6 percent. That the coming winter will bring further reductions not even the Nazi leaders venture to deny. The central purchasing agency of the Consumers' Coöperatives, which cater almost exclusively to a working-class and lower-middle-class clientele, register a reduction of sales for the first half year of 1934, as compared with figures for the same period of the previous year, of 12.1 percent. The reasons are obvious. A third of the population has been forced to engage in agricultural work without pay, a fifth has been drafted into labor camps.

NOTWITHSTANDING these figures, prominent American bankers and government officials continue to support Germany's credit overtures. Six weeks ago, Reich representatives were sent to America with proposals for extensive raw-material credits which, surprisingly, found favorable reception by important Wall Street firms. Influential government officials, when consulted, suggested a trade agreement that would take the widest possible cognizance of Germany's needs. Mr. Samuel Untermyer's protest to Washington is chiefly against Secretary Hull's official support of Germany's wishes. In his broadside against economic boycotts, Mr. Hull had quoted figures that had no relation to reality. But figures aside, it is an undisputed fact that the Third Reich has systematically evaded responsibilities for its obligations. Of what value are agreements with a nation that, in the opinion of prominent financiers, is on the verge of bankruptcy?

GENERAL Johnson in the recent Carnegie Hall speech which was apparently the last straw to President Roosevelt, and cost the doughty General his job, made several amazing, irresponsible, misleading statements. None of these was more wild than his suggestion that Mr. Justice Brandeis had acted as spiritual godfather of the N.R.A. during the past year. Several reliable Washington journalists have come forward to say that Justice Brandeis saw General Johnson about as often as he did some railroad presidents or counsel for the Standard Oil—which means rarely—and to point out that the Justice's views, set forth at length in his "Other People's Money," and other published writings before he went on the Bench, and in numerous Supreme Court decisions since, are obviously in strongest opposition to the cartelization of industry, the only part of the N.R.A. in which General Johnson has ever had the least interest. Most of the press has evidently realized that the General was in one of his unfortunately irresponsible moods and out of charity for him has let the matter drop. But a few papers, especially The New York Herald Tribune and The Chicago Tribune, have seen an opportunity for making Tory capital: They solemnly pretend that General Johnson is a reliable witness, and that Mr. Brandeis is disqualified from sitting on the Supreme Court when the constitutionality of the N.R.A. comes up for consideration.

THE reactionary employers of the United States would probably be glad to pay about a hundred million dollars to ensure Justice Brandeis' absence from the bench when the legality of wage, hour and collective-bargaining provisions of the N.R.A. are under review. We do not suggest that the journalists who are taking General Johnson's statement seriously are deliberately playing the game of these reactionary capitalists. We would only inquire: Haven't they ever read anything Justice Brandeis has written? And one wonders how deep is their devotion to the Supreme Court which they profess to revere when they so flagrantly disregard Justice Brandeis' well known reputation for judical punctilio. Certainly, one would suppose that Mr. Ogden Reid and Colonel McCormick could safely

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leave the vindication of the Supreme Court's honor to Chief Justice Hughes.

AS THE depression has deepened, and various governmental bodies have found the demands upon them made heavier while their revenues have diminished, there has been a notable alteration in the attitude toward gambling. In all parts of the country, officials who formerly looked with horror on such an immoral practice have changed their tune, once they realized that there was money in it, money that might supplement the dwindling receipts from other quarters. A large number of states have legalized racetrack gambling, and are now taking a percentage on the amount spent at the track. New York City has been flirting with the idea of a municipal lottery, disguised with characteristic American hypocrisy: a corporation would be formed, each of whose "members" would pay a few dollars' initiation fee. Then "officers" would be chosen by lot to serve brief terms in office with no duties and tremendous salaries. This proposal has been sidetracked for the present, but seems fairly sure to come up again, in New York or elsewhere. Meanwhile, there is even some talk of a national lottery, or a gambling feature attached to future federal bond issues, on the French model.

THERE are three chief arguments in favor of lotteries, which may be summarized as follows:

1. That Americans are already spending vast sums on Irish, Cuban and other lottery tickets, and that this traffic might as well be recognized and the money kept at home (the parallel with the anti-prohibition argument is obvious).
2. That the Stock Market is nothing but a big gambling device and that a properly run lottery would satisfy the speculative instinct equally well, would be less dishonest in its operations and would take a much smaller proportion of the victims' money.
3. That even the losers in a lottery are not defrauded, since they buy with their tickets a certain amount of excitement, some weeks or months of hope, which most of them would say is well worth the money.

Certainly, there is something in these contentions. Most of those who oppose gambling on moral grounds take the same attitude, and are largely the same group, that opposed the liquor traffic and seemed quite satisfied to have it made illegal, without considering whether people still drank, or facing the evils that prohibition brought in its train. The real objection to lotteries is that most of their patrons are poor people, who can ill afford the sums they spend. Their dreams of success, of sudden unearned riches, are the unhealthy dreams of the escapist who finds the burden of his normal existence almost insupportable. The lottery, in short, has the same weakness as the sales tax: it is a levy on those who can least afford it; it reduces the purchasing power of the poor, and the revenues that might be derived from it by the government would help reduce the tax burden on the rich.

WITH two of the six yacht races for the America's Cup marred by protests, the recent international contest ended in an atmosphere of tension and dissatisfaction. The finale was especially dismal because the racing committee of the New York Yacht Club took refuge in a technicality to avoid ruling on the first protest by T. O. M. Sopwith, skipper of "Endeavor," the challenger. Unquestionably the great majority of Americans wanted "Endeavor" to win, and yachting experts agreed that she was a faster sloop than "Rainbow." Two reasons were advanced for her failure to return the battered cup to Great Britain. Sopwith made several tactical mistakes and Vanderbilt took advantage of these errors to push "Rainbow" into the lead. Also, the crew of the American boat was undeniably superior. The first crew engaged by Sopwith went on strike for higher wages shortly before the challenger crossed the Atlantic. They were replaced by a few professionals and a number of "gentlemen amateurs" recruited at the last minute. They handled sail much more slowly than "Rainbow's" expert sailors.

THE Department of the Interior is doing a needed piece of work in sending a Committee consisting of F. E. Schmitt and John W. Haw through the West to investigate the real long-term value of the Department's extensive reclamation projects. So far as we can recall, this is the first survey of the problem. Messrs. Schmitt and Haw are to answer two questions: Does reclamation pay? Are the policies of the reclamation law and its methods of administration best adapted to realizing their broad purpose? The inquiry should be thorough and should not, perhaps, seek a blanket answer covering all projects; for there seems little doubt that in the thirty-odd years in which the Department has been promoting reclamation work many dubious projects have been undertaken. The Committee is aware that a project may still be socially worthwhile in the way of flood control and power even though the farmers cannot carry the interest charges; but these secondary benefits need careful sifting in each individual case. The sole slight doubt we have about the inquiry is the personnel of the Committee; Mr. Haw is the Director of Agricultural Development of the Northern Pacific Railroad and Mr. Schmitt is editor of The Engineering News Record, two positions which seem, off-hand, to imply a certain initial attitude of mind favorable to the whole theory of reclamation. Perhaps willingness to entertain doubt about the theory itself might be an advantageous starting point.

A PARTIAL explanation of Japan's hesitancy to make war against the Soviet Union is furnished by the story of Soviet development in Manchukuo. Mr. Sachio Oka, who has studied the growth of the revolutionary movement in the region of Chientao, reports that nine Soviet sections, controlling nearly twenty Soviet villages, have continually harassed

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the Japanese in this area since early in 1932. Chientao comprises the southeastern portion of Kirin Province, sandwiched between northern Korea to the south and east, and the Ussuri region of the Soviet Union to the north and east. Economically unimportant because of their hilly and unproductive lands, the four *hsien,* or counties, of Chientao are extremely significant in Japan's scheme of Manchurian control. For the recently completed Kirin-Kainei railway crosses them from east to west, connecting the center of Manchuria directly with Korea, the Japan Sea and Japan. Eventually, according to the Japanese plan, this railway will transport troops from Tokio to Hsingching (the strategic point of control in Kirin Province) in less than forty-four hours. It is obvious that both strict domination over Chientao and the useful maintenance of the Kirin-Kainei railway are essential to Japan's position on the Korean border and in the Japan Sea. They would be doubly important in any military venture against the U.S.S.R.

CONSEQUENTLY the gadfly activities of the Chientao Soviets provide a constant source of worry to Japan and to the puppet government of Manchukuo. Nearly 80 percent of the 500,000 inhabitants of Chientao are Korean peasants, perpetually in rebellion against Chinese warlord rule and against Japanese imperialism. Since 1926 these people have moved steadily leftward in their haphazard campaign for independence. For several months in 1930 the region was torn by violent outbreaks against Chinese and Japanese soldiers. Two years later the Chinese Communist Party Committee for East Manchuria began to organize the present Chientao Soviets. Workers and peasants formed Red Guards and Shock Brigades, propaganda committees, Young Pioneers and a dozen other units, all established on the basis of village Soviets. Thoroughly armed and militant to the last degree, the Soviets proceeded to confiscate landowners' property and divide it among the poor. Japan answered by sending nearly a hundred military expeditions to fight the Soviets, beginning in April, 1932. Some 1,500 Communists were executed. This action promptly drove the Soviets to further sporadic resistance, which was checked only by the self-criticism and change of policy made by the Communist East Manchurian Committee last year. Since that time the Soviets have concentrated on an anti-Japanese propaganda campaign, particularly among Chinese soldiers and the workers on the Kirin-Kainei railway. While they have not established a stable government comparable to the Chinese Soviets, the Chientao peasants remain a menace to Japanese imperialism in Manchukuo.

OPPOSITION to Hitler's "totalitarianism" is developing in Germany from a new and unexpected source. While the Third Reich waged vigorous warfare against the Roman Catholic Church, it seemed as if the Protestant clergy had come to an understanding with the National Socialist government and that, barring an occasional minor dispute, the adjustment had been satisfactorily made. Reichsbishop Ludwig Müller was appointed Commissar of the Lutheran Church months ago, but until recently made no serious effort to establish his primacy. In the last few weeks all this has changed. The first attempt actually to establish the rule of the (Nazi) German Christians over the Protestant Church found the clergy and the congregations in open resistance against the heresies of the new regime. In Nazi Germany it requires no little courage, even for a clergyman with strong backing, to accuse the official representatives of the government of un-Christian doctrines and read them out of the Church. "We assert with all positiveness," declares a statement read recently from almost a thousand pulpits in all parts of Germany, "that the past activity of the Reich Church goverment holds out no promise of its ability to bring peace to the Church, that we have no faith in its words and will not bow to its authority. . . ."

TO JUDGE the Church fight in its true perspective, one must remember that the Protestant clergy has at no time protested against National Socialism or its oppressive rule. These orthodox shepherds of the Protestant faith have no quarrel with Hitler's political or economic program. But they resent Reichsbishop Müller's avowed intention of creating a unified Nazi Church in which all Christian groups, including Catholics, are to be joined under a single head. "The goal for which we fight," Dr. Müller declares, "is one state, one people, one church." Unquestionably followers of Hitler would become the heads of this mighty apparatus. In a dispute over ecclesiastic tactics or new methods of control, the clergy and Hitler would find a middle ground. But the unification of the two powerful German religious organizations into a gigantic machine in the hands of the Nazi state is a different question. Here weighty economic and political groups and issues are at stake, material interests which will not give up their prerogatives without stubborn and relentless resistance.

The Roosevelt Truce

SPEAKING over the radio last Sunday evening, President Roosevelt appealed once again to capital and labor to declare an industrial truce—a truce in which labor is asked to refrain from striking and to place its faith instead in the magnanimity of employers and in the beneficence and power of the labor boards of the government. This appeal is so familiar, the President himself has made it so frequently, such truces have failed so invariably, that comment, in this sense, is hardly necessary. The idea that capital and labor constitute just one happy family and can settle their differences by negotiations that are never more violent than a breakfast-

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table spat, though obviously fallacious, is admittedly a pleasant thought. And were it to be encountered in a commencement address, it could be dismissed merely as part of the felicitous remarks that abound at commencement time. But when one finds it appearing and reappearing as part of the President's fundamental economic philosophy and apparently shaping his labor policy, the effect is decidedly disheartening. Certainly it is no longer possible to ignore the serious consequences for labor should this policy be continued. For it is a policy that is based on a complete misconception of why labor strikes. Labor uses the strike because it has learned from long experience that it is the most effective and frequently the only weapon with which it can bring employers to terms. By and large, it does not use the strike when it can achieve collective bargaining by any other means. The strike, in effect, is a weapon of last resort.

When President Roosevelt began his term of office, he was entitled, of course, to experiment with labor relations. If he believed at that time that he could eliminate the strike from the industrial picture and yet guarantee to labor its full rights in collective bargaining, it was indeed a worthy hope. On this basis one might justify his statement when the Recovery Act was enacted. "There should be no discord and dispute," he declared, "the workers of this country have rights under this law—no aggression is now necessary to obtain those rights." The industrial peace that followed this first appeal of the President for a general truce, it need hardly be pointed out here, was pathetically short-lived. Nor is it necessary to argue that the fault was not that of the workers who refrained from striking. By the thousands they placed their faith in the law and in the labor boards set up to administer it—only to be abandoned to the mercy of recalcitrant employers who refused to recognize either the law or the boards.

In view of this discouraging experience of workers with Section 7a, it is difficult to understand why President Roosevelt now appeals for another truce. With a fine air of impartiality—and an almost complete disregard of the facts—he declares that "both employers and employees must share the blame" for the strikes of the past year. This is so at variance with what has actually taken place that one wonders where the President could have been during all these months. Senator Wagner has testified that 75 percent of the disputes that came before the National Labor Board were caused by the refusal of employers to grant union recognition. From the point of view of the workers—and from our own—this is the very minimum of genuine collective bargaining.

But this consideration should not obscure the real significance of the President's statement. For it reveals that he is unwilling or unable to grasp the meaning of the present labor crisis. He fails to realize that workers are in a striking mood because other agencies have failed them. And apparently he is unwilling to place the blame for this where it belongs—on the reactionary employers and on the failure of his own administration to make good the promises to labor in Section 7a. Instead, he plans to hold an informal conference to arrange a truce. The workers are to be asked not to strike, and the employers are to be asked to "recognize" the rights of collective bargaining. It is a procedure reminiscent of 1930, when President Hoover arranged his famous truce. The employers "agreed" not to cut wages during the depression, provided the workers did not strike—an agreement which of course they proceeded to ignore.

President Roosevelt's belief in the desirability of a general truce, let us repeat, might have been justified a year and a half ago. For then there was some hope that the employers would abide by Section 7a and that, if they didn't, the administration would crack down on them. To propose a truce under these conditions is at least understandable. But under the conditions that exist today, such a proposal is incredible. It offers the employers an enormous tactical advantage and would end almost inevitably in the same bitter disappointment for workers as the earlier attempts of the same sort. The reasons for this are not obscure. The employers, after all, own the tools of production, and they can dictate the terms of employment. They can do this, that is, unless labor, through organization and striking, compels collective bargaining. These are the hard realities of industrial relations today, despite the Recovery Act. Thus, if labor abandons its right to strike, even for a few months, it will almost certainly mean that working conditions will not be appreciably improved during the truce. Indeed, the National Association of Manufacturers, in commenting on the President's proposal, has already said as much. It will be glad to coöperate, its statement reads, in maintaining the status quo. That, it must be confessed, does not spell progress for the workers.

Quite apart from its immediate effects, President Roosevelt's truce is rather ominous for the fascist implications it contains. So many actions of the Roosevelt administration have been labeled fascist that one hesitates to use the term. Yet it is noteworthy that the essence of the President's labor policy—that disputes between capital and labor can and should be adjusted by a third party, preferably the government—is also the essence of fascist labor policy. It is obvious, however, that labor can only agree to such mediation or arbitration when there is some common ground on which it can meet with capital. Preferably, this common ground should include not merely union recognition but also the rough limits within which pay and hours are to be set. Even with such agreement mediation boards are apt to be weak bargainers for labor, unless backed by the sanction of a strong union. But when capital, for the most part, refuses to make any of these concessions, mediation can hardly be more than a futile hope.

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The N.R.A. in New Clothes

THE DEPARTURE of General Johnson has been greeted with more widespread public relief than that of any other official in recent times —certainly, since the exit of Mr. Hoover. Everyone had long known that the General's resignation was only a question of time; the weaknesses of his administration have so often been analyzed in our pages that there is no need to go into them again. He only partially understood the purposes for which the N.R.A. was created; and in so far as he did understand them, he supported only the worst and weakest. Interest now is concentrated on the question: what next?

The N.R.A. is to be ruled by three boards paralleling the legislative, executive and judicial branches of the government itself. But what will be the contents of the policies to be made by one board, carried out by another and enforced by the third? President Roosevelt gave some hints in his radio speech of Sunday night, but they were far from specific, and they added almost nothing to our existing knowledge. It has been reported for some time that he felt price fixing and limitation of production had gone too far. In his speech he defended in general terms the right of labor to organize and bargain collectively, a right which certainly should have got beyond the stage of argument, with the President, long before this. He also indicated that some aspects of the N.R.A. will be permanent, which had been said many times before.

The essential weakness of the Recovery Administration, however, remains what it has been from the beginning. Both because of its terms and because of President Roosevelt's attitude toward it, the N.I.R.A. is not, and never has been, a law. From the beginning, Mr. Roosevelt has insisted that force should not be used to compel employers in any industry to accept provisions to which they were unanimously and profoundly opposed. Naturally, such opposition promptly appeared to all phases of the N.R.A. which had any other purpose than increased profits. Now and then, with the spotlight of national publicity turned upon them and with internal pressure by more liberal employers against their recalcitrant brethren, a few of the worst evils were ameliorated (though much of this amelioration presently disappeared again when the spotlight was turned off). Substantially, however, the N.R.A. became a device to permit the nation's industry to do those things which had hitherto been illegal under the Sherman anti-trust law. Its operations were somewhat worse than they would otherwise have been, because of General Johnson's personal attitude of conservatism and hostility toward labor; but there is no reason to believe that they would have been substantially better under the control of another individual, or any committee of individuals for that matter, so long as the essential restrictions continue.

So far as we can judge, these restrictions continue under the reorganization of the N.R.A. The policy committee includes, on the whole, the best members of the President's official family. The executive board has at least three good men—Leon Marshall, Walton Hamilton and Sidney Hillman. But even if we assume that the liberal members will be able to control their respective boards—a dubious assumption at best—we do not believe they can do very much so long as the President continues his compromising, middle-of-the-road policy.

Two courses are open to the members of the new committees. The first is to try to get such little advantages as they can wring from employers by moral suasion, adjustment and negotiation. This is the course which the President no doubt expects them to follow. It is likely, however, to be even less successful now than it was fifteen months ago, when the administration's prestige was enormously higher than at present and the N.R.A. was not yet a drifting hulk of failure.

The other course would be less politically expedient, but in the long run a far more useful service to the country. It would be to map out the necessary steps to fulfill the original purpose of the N.R.A. and then put the issue squarely up to the country's industries. There is no doubt that the proposals made would be rejected; but in that case we should hardly be any worse off than we now are, in a material sense, and the process would have an enormous educational value for the population as a whole. It would put the onus where it belongs—on reactionary capitalism. It would puncture the theory, to which President Roosevelt clings with resolute shortsightedness, that the difficulties to be encountered result from some sort of "misunderstanding," to be eradicated by "having capital and labor get together around a table." It would drive home in the public mind a realization that any actual improvement in the condition of the workingman—which is to say, of the great mass of population—must be fought for. Here is a possible function of the revised N.R.A. which can be of great and perhaps lasting usefulness. We believe it is the only one.

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Orozco in New England

I: The Regional Reawakening

WHO CAN say when a tree is dead? After the crown is broken by storms, after blight has attacked the remaining leaves, there may still be strength at the roots. So the chestnuts are coming back; so too, perhaps, our regional cultures, which were blasted by a ruthless and overrapid industrialization and undermined by attacks of metropolitan "prosperity," may be putting forth fresh stems now from their buried but still vital roots. There are signs of this throughout the country, not least in New England, the oldest and most persistent seat of human culture here. Perhaps the most promising sign at the moment lies in the realm of the spirit—the Orozco frescoes at Dartmouth College.

II: A New England College

Six miles up the Connecticut Valley from White River Junction lies Hanover. Here Eleazar Wheelock, dreaming to turn the Indians into rational citizens of Heaven, planted something the New England farmer once valued as much as piety and thrift and hard labor: a college. These people did not wait for prosperity and numbers before they sought the things of the mind. Before the Civil War, according to a sober estimate, there were probably as many bookstores in New England as there are now in the whole country.

Dan'l Webster studied at Dartmouth; so did George Perkins Marsh, a more important alumnus; and to the Dartmouth Medical School, the first of its kind in America, came as a young man the foremost American advocate of birth control, bearing an overripe corpse in his wagon to defray the costs of tuition. On the east side of the rectangular Common stand the austere white buildings of the original college, handsome solely by reason of their clean surfaces and judiciously adjusted proportions, bearing witness to the esthetic sense of the early republic. This sense, of course, was blunted during the nineteenth century; and can scarcely be said to have been sharpened by the more refined Georgian revivalism—in which construction and expression belong to two non-coöperating systems of thought—that has now taken its place.

III: Social Contrasts

White River Junction: a depressing tangle of railroad tracks, two rivers and a mean industrial slum. Hanover: a starlike town, with a shape defined and preserved by shallow grass-covered ravines that wedge toward the center. They represent two poles of our modern capitalistic civilization, as cleanly differentiated as Homestead and Park Avenue.

But the fine new college buildings in Hanover have a meaning perhaps as ominous as the slatternly disorder of our misbuilt and misdirected industrial towns. The signs are as plain as in the skyscrapers of the boom period. Learning was set in a background of sensuous luxury: the donors of new buildings and their architects spared no expense upon the things that would demonstrate expense. Compared with the extravagant enormities of Yale and Princeton and Harvard, Dartmouth's buildings, it is true, come off rather well. Unfortunately, those who sought to befriend these colleges forgot about Mark Hopkins and the log; or perhaps one should say that they felt Mark Hopkins would have been a more effective teacher had the log been a decorated column.

This fake academic environment, these dead and dissociated architectural forms, nevertheless had a function to fulfill. With their luxurious trappings they served to prepare the student for success at the high suburban level, success such as that indicated by the Princeton statistics: an average income of nearly $5,000 a year after ten years out of college. To create such a material sphere of suburban gentility—plus what pleasure fast motor cars and smart country clubs and tropical vacations may bring—was to embody the ultimate aim of the possessing classes during the decade when they were most confident about the value of their possessions. This ideal even corrupts those who reject the exclusive caste premises of the old order. Probably it explains the emphasis of Mr. Stuart Chase and the naïver Technocrats on the possibility of everyone's having, say, an income of $12,000 a year. . . . Surely that would be felicity?

IV: The Leaven in the Lump

Each fragment of our civilization reproduces the whole with greater or less fidelity. Even in its strongest period, however, capitalism was not able to breed close to the sheep, the wolf and the swine alone. Other species came down from other days, or, under cover of protective coloration, maintained an independent existence. Capitalism was dominant but not, to use the slang of our day, totalitarian. Though it prided itself on having created a new heaven and a new earth, it had exhausted both its imagination and its enterprise before it had even wiped away surviving remnants of old heavens. This "weakness" was precisely the strongest point of the

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old order: it left loopholes for non-capitalistic ideas to arise, and for more genuine modes of life to gather strength silently and perpetuate themselves. (With suicidal stupidity, fascism attempts to close up all the loopholes.)

So in this New England college. An atmosphere of liberalism had vaguely descended over the place and was duly handed down from President Tucker to President Hopkins. Perhaps the best part of the liberal tradition, its experimentalism and its faith in the intellect, could be found here. No sweeping change; no sudden announcement of the New Curriculum; no false dawn of the New World. But here the dead wood was lopped off, gently, almost tenderly; there a new plantation was made. Within the modes of the existing society, Dartmouth shows many of its best rather than its worst characteristics. Enough intelligence to accept the responsibilities of intelligence. All this, of course, within the pattern that would provide the world, in sufficient number, with its business executives, its functionaries, its larger professional caste that thinks and feels on the same plane. To ask for more than this before 1930 was to ask for a generation of misfits and martyrs.

The coming of an important revolutionary artist, José Clemente Orozco, to Dartmouth College was the result of the complex tradition whose threads I have been trying to bring together. No single man or event made it possible; or rather, the men and events were themselves shaped by the New England tradition. Thanks to President Hopkins' keen instinct for reality, the art department had been completely refurbished. Here under Professor Artemas Packard was expounded a fresh conception of art—fresh though as old as Herder, Taine, Ruskin—that art is not the empty plaything of the rich and idle, but a necessary expression of the emotional and imaginative and ideological life of communities, as important for their existence as their daily bread.

Unostentatiously, without feature write-ups and premature pictures in the rotogravure sections, Orozco came to the college in 1932 as a member of the new art department, with the modest salary of an assistant professor and the title of Visiting Lecturer. No hat was passed around among rich donors to bring forth the usual thousands of dollars with their usual visible and invisible strings. The new murals were strictly an intramural project of the art department: a demonstration of the fresco process, and a demonstration of the possibility of creating, even in an environment traditionally hostile to the image, a graphic interpretation of the contemporary world, in a form so permanent that future generations would be able to read, to sympathize and to draw their own conclusions. This happened at a moment when most of the great universities and libraries and cities, wallowing in the depression, were throwing overboard, with cowardly anxiety, every vestige of our cultural life they could remove, leaving behind only their pretentious empty buildings as memorials. Such an act required courage, and, in the best sense of the word, statesmanship. It recalled that fine moment early in the War when Foch reported that one wing was seriously menaced and the other was in retreat: "The situation is excellent: *I will proceed to attack.*" Even in a shipwreck a song may contribute as much to the physical survival of the crew as a gallon of water. That, if you will, is one of the pragmatic sanctions of art, for those who are in need of them.

But where was Orozco to work? The answer has more than a touch of irony in it. The one great expanse of wall was in the new Baker Library. On the ground level, the broad base of the building forms a great hall with tall windows: below the ground level, with windows at the top, is an equally long hall. When the builders reached this second room, meant only as a study hall for students taking out books on brief loans, the money had pretty well given out. Fortunately, this room was not "for show": hence it could be left undecorated. The bare wall that so well expresses modern architecture appeared in this Georgian museum-piece by default. For when the money ran out, the superficialities and contradictions of a sterile, imitative, pecuniary culture could be sloughed off—and art came in. Not decoration, not gentility, not Georgian correctness: instead, the realities of human mind and passion, the realities of the world in which we must live and dream and plan and act. In the room where the college confessed poverty it found riches. When Orozco was through painting it, he had not merely produced probably the most impressive mural in North America: he had added a new course to the curriculum.

V: The Orozco Murals

The long hall where the Orozco frescoes stand is broken by a projection of the wall on each side of the loan desk and by the alcove opposite. At the east end a series of columns breaks and frames the panels beyond. The highest pitch of yellow and orange is reserved for these distant panels; but the painting begins on a somber note, resonant and grave like the notes of a bass violin.

The western half of the room embodies the old civilization of the Toltecs and the Aztecs. The dark Herculean figures of the migrating tribes on the right as one enters record the primitive power and physical confidence of the old race. On the other side of the doorway one beholds the annual priestly sacrifice by disembowelment of the young man who represents deity: the sinister dehumanization of a religion that aims at propitiating the cruel gods. Now, on the long wall, in a series of handsome images, one beholds the dawn of the peaceful arts: stone carving, the maize culture and physical science, notably astronomy—the latter a man with closed eyes reaching with upraised hand into the black unknown. Over this scene broods the first light note: the benign Blakean face of Quetzalcoatl, the white

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god who taught these people the more peaceful and humanizing arts. On the same plane are the more ancient and ferocious gods. Does one merely imagine that one of them bears a resemblance to the American business man? He is in fact the Mexican god of greed, dressed in the flayed skin of a human victim. Quetzalcoatl vanishes over the sea, on a raft of serpents, denounced and defied by the priests of the old religion. He points prophetically to the fatal return of the white conquerors in five hundred years, a prophecy whose strange fulfilment so disarmed the Mexicans when Cortez appeared.

The painting on this side of the hall is serene; its movement is slow. The even rhythm of an agricultural civilization lives in these panels. The whole effect is quiet, deliberate, low in key; the warmest colors are the Pompeian reds and brownish pinks, while the green of the corn is almost metallic. In the mind, on the upper levels, horrible forces are still at work; beneath it, under the influence of the peaceful arts and a more coöperative and feminized social life, broods a deep humanity. The conflict between these two levels is perhaps the dominant conflict of ancient civilizations.

In the composition of the stone carvers and the maize workers Orozco attains perhaps the high point on this wall—not less because this panel deliberately incorporates the metallic grid of the ventilator. When he found that the grid could not be removed from the wall, Orozco said: "Very well. My problem is to work within the architectural frame. I will paint this panel in such a manner that if you take the ventilator away you will spoil my composition." And so he did.

VI: The Holocaust of Western Civilization

The second half of the room interprets Anglo-America and the triumphs of Western civilization. It begins with the heroic landing of Cortez and the burning of his fleet: a gesture capable of dignifying even worse brigands than the invaders. A cowled father hugs a huge cross: above him towers the mailed figure of Cortez, with a white, long-nosed, almost intellectual face, showing kinship to El Greco's nobles. At his feet cower the bodies of the people he has conquered. Now comes one of those superb ideological leaps that put Orozco's symbols on a much higher level than any other contemporary mural painter: to the triumphant militarism of the early period of exploitation he ties the triumphant mechanism of the later period: the two are graphically connected—*as they were in history*—by the prostrate figures of Cortez' captives, who are represented as being fed into the maw of the machine, their arms twisting into stumps as they are gripped by the steel. Orozco demonstrates the fundamental kinship of both types of power production and regimentation, that of the soldier and that of the new capitalist.

The panel on the triumph of the machine shows the difference, again, between illustration and an organic idea that exists in its own right; likewise it shows the effective use of abstraction. An illustrator would have looked around for real machines: recognizable converters and derricks and power looms and steam engines. Orozco concentrates on the idea of the machine: he gives its glitter, its bulk, its automatism, its suppression of the personality, and even, in the splintery metallic forms, the piercing whirr and whine of machines in operation. There is not a single identifiable contrivance in the whole pattern: it is just cold metallic hell.

Next: the civilization of Anglo-America. Its order and its rationality: the neat country barn, the town meeting, the village school, the fundamentally coöperative group life, made possible by a tamping down of wanton impulse. Dominating the whole scene stands the schoolmistress, a gaunt unlovely female, a pioneer possessed of the more masculine virtues. Here are the fundamental institutions of our older America together with the more mechanized animus of the new: here, too, one senses the danger of such discipline. The children grouped around the teacher are too much of one mold, and that mold a stupid one. One can hear the high parrot chatter of I-pledge-allegiance-to-my-flag-and-to-the-republic-for-which-it-stands. In opposition to this Northern conception of civilization is Hispano-America's instinct for life at its more primitive organic levels: better a simple peasant, thriving on a few tortillas and a little pulque, than a machine worker starving as the result of the abundance of goods he has produced. If Orozco's handsome well armed peasant contrasts with the Northern school teacher, he contrasts even more with the distorted rapacious faces of the generals, the admirals, the diplomatic gangsters, the financiers slavering over their piles of gold, that crowd into the next panel. Left to the greed of its exploiters, this civilization that converts its golden wheat into heaps of unassimilable gold metal—or exchanges paper for non-wheat while its millions starve—must finally die of its own negations. In the high background are cluttered the broken pillars of the banks and state capitols, the deserted factories with their broken windows.

VII: The Kingdoms of the Dead and the Living

The last panel on this wall shows a sprawling female skeleton in the after-agony of travail: a smear of dead flesh and a tangle of hair still cling to the white bones. Tenderly, reverently, a skeleton in academic gown presents the babe to its mother: it is a dead embryo. Other dead embryos, properly pickled in bottles, are in the foreground; while above the skeleton are lined the gods of the modern world in full academic regalia, with the greenish faces of rotted corpses, benignly giving countenance to this miscarriage. Their backs are

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turned solidly to a world in flames. Against the brutal power of imperialism with its gigantic guns—note how the guns become the books upon which the skeleton of education lies—there stand only the impotence and sterility of our abstract system of education: a support to this imperialism rather than a challenge.

The culmination of this cult of the dead appears on the panels one sees in the distance on entering. The blare and propaganda of modern war: the celebration of the Unknown Soldier, whose huge boots here thrust into the foreground beneath the variegated flag that contains all the colors of all the flag-wavers and "patriots"; above him, a monument showing a uniformed gangster in bayonet charge. Down the length of the room this butchered soldier faces the victim of the priestly sacrificial murder: nothing has changed except that the gods of death have adopted mass production. In the next panel a resurrected Christ-figure, with a face like a Byzantine icon, stands defiantly with legs spread apart and eyes glaring, holding an ax wherewith he has chopped down his own cross. In back of him are the ruined idols of the old religions, and the wrecked instruments of war, holy relics of the modern religion of nationalism. In the side panel, clerical vultures pick at the keys of Heaven. Here begins a new migration of the spirit.

Perhaps Orozco felt a little dissatisfied with this Christ-image, iconoclastic though it be. Even though this Christ with the burning breast be the more ancient Mithras, god of light, the reference is still to a negation of the present in terms of the past. At all events, on the last walls to be painted, opposite the delivery desk in the middle of the room, he incorporated a different idea. The red skeleton of a newly erected building: the unison of workers on the job: machines that are no greater than the men that work them: finally a horizontal panel of a reclining steel worker, with his cotton gloves still on his hands and his hammer at his side, reading a book with a somewhat quizzical smile. (This last is different from the skeleton of education, prone on a pile of books, divorced from life, work, social responsiveness.) Nothing in these panels illustrates courage, energy, confidence, hope; but that, I think, is the direct impact of the painting. Here, with a sure stroke that is deliberately lacking in the crumbling images of capitalism, Orozco builds up the image of a workers' world. Dangers are not absent: the steel beam sways over the heads of the working men like the sword of Damocles. But the spirit of construction, the will-to-create, is there: the equivalent of the manly confidence and large-minded energy that one finds in Soviet Russia today. Orozco offers no cheap grandiloquent salvation. He realizes, perhaps, that the masters of our present civilization had rather see it collapse by internal decay than be rebuilt by national measures that would remove the opportunities for their kind of "success" and "power" and "leadership."

VIII: The Work of Art

Criticism of these frescoes is usually based on one of three grounds; sometimes on all of them. The paintings are not decorative and they do not go with the room, or, alternatively, with the architecture. The subjects are grisly, and even if they represent truth, such images should not confront the hopeful young adolescents who are still leading a sheltered academic life. Finally, such frescoes, such themes, and such an artist, do not belong to the New England tradition.

Now, in paintings like these it is almost impossible to separate the symbolism, that is, the organic idea, from the technical process of painting: for the idea lives just to the extent that it has been visibly executed. There is no doubt in my mind that we are confronted here with a major work of art: even the resistance and the agonized opposition it provokes bear evidence to this fact. But the technical aspects of this painting are worth isolating for a moment. First: note the way that color itself is used to create movement and progression. The opening notes are somber: but the final chords of yellow and red are already struck in the totem-pole panels that frame the opening in the western side of the room. Even at a distance one is prepared for that final clang of the cymbals: the flag-draped victim and the resurrected Christ. Equally admirable is the way in which Orozco, throwing off the formal unity of Renaissance perspective, creates a more organic unity in terms of the underlying graphic idea. The various parts of the "Coming of Quetzalcoatl" wall are both unified and separated by the cunning repetition of the half-swastika, even as the pyramid motif, beginning with the ancient pyramids themselves, is repeated in the stooping body of the man with the hoe and in the triangular arrangement of the ancient priests uttering curses against Quetzalcoatl. In this subtle orchestration of forms Orozco presents an exceedingly complex graphic idea with utmost economy and without confusion.

The same observations hold true in the more crowded panels of "The Return of Quetzalcoatl." The red of the burning ships in the first panel repeats itself in the steel in the foreground of the next panel, in the barn and factory buildings of the succeeding panels, to rise to greater intensity in the burning background of the final panel on this wall. So, too, the grays run from the machine panel into the mechanically organized gray hats of the men at the town-meeting. Yet the division of the theme remains as clear as the underlying unity, although the actual effect of the modern wall is that of being crowded—indeed, swarming with people and machines, like the streets of Megalopolis. Orozco's positive use of difficulties, like doorways and openings, is extraordinary: how adroitly, for example, he employs the upright form of the doorway to support the head of the skeleton of education. There are occasional spots of weak painting:

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the blue dress of the school teacher seems to me one of them; but the painting as a whole is sustained on a high level, whether it be in the noble forms of the primitive stone-carver or the masterly caricatures of the beribboned and bemedaled agents of imperialism. When handsome painting is needed for expression, Orozco easily rises to the occasion.

In describing these pictures I have been forced to supply meanings and values for the visual image; but the reader must remember that a great painting bears a multitude of meanings, each of which is true for the individual observer at his particular point of time and experience. A rational or intellectual explanation of the meaning of these frescoes is only a small part of their total meaning; for they do not merely delight the eye or inform the mind: they create a deep organic stir in every part of the personality. To find Orozco's meaning the reader must go again and again to the pictures themselves; even the painter cannot tell him what they mean, except by the means he has already used. Being expressive paintings, and not wall-paper, the frescoes do not serve the purposes of "decoration"; so far from being an innocuous background, they are as vital a part of the foreground as the people who are in the room.

As for the subjects of these paintings, they are indeed often horrible: in this, as in other places, Orozco shows his kinship with Goya, the Goya of the "Caprices" and the War etchings. But one cannot argue seriously with those who believe that the beauty of a painting hangs on a beautiful subject: if that were true there would be no room in art for Grünewald or Rembrandt. The evils of modern civilization constitute part of the reality that Orozco sought to express: better that we should see them than that they should take us unawares. A bath in contemporary reality, even if it be such an admonitory blood bath, is as sound a preparation as a student can have for facing the world—a world that even for the possessing classes offers very dubious prospects for either life, liberty or happiness. Orozco holds up to the student the historic complex he must have the honesty to face, and the actual world he must have the energy and courage and vision to rebuild. It is strong medicine; but the final effect of these paintings, I think, is not to accentuate the horrors of our civilization but to provide the fierce determination necessary to overcome them.

IX: Moral for Regionalists

Finally, what have these paintings to do with New England; how do they stand among the white clapboards and the venerable elms? The people who ask this question forget that there are two New Englands. One is the dead and moth-eaten New England that flourishes in the gift shoppes, and that specializes in battered furniture, "ancestors by purchase," imitations of hooked rugs, even replicas of Colonial gardens. The other New England is the same vital regional culture that originally helped nurture Emerson, Thoreau and Hawthorne.

This second New England, conscious of deep roots in its own soil, has never hesitated to go elsewhere for elements that are lacking in its local scene. Its Motley wrote the classic history of the Netherlands; its Longfellow drew upon European folklore from Finland to Spain; its Prescotts, its Ticknors, its Childses, its Nortons, were aware of their full European heritage, whilst Emerson and Thoreau, seizing on the little library of Eastern classics imported into Concord, so well amalgamated the thought of the East and the West that they are now reckoned in India among the great modern sages. In its more imaginative sons, this New England has always been at home on a world stage, just as its merchants were at home in Hongkong, Singapore and Rio. When their great moments come, these New Englanders call for "wine that never came from the belly of the grape," and they drink it with an unmoved face, as if it were last autumn's cider.

The spiritual vitality of this genuine New England is better embodied in Orozco's murals than in any amount of local history tamely recorded by local artists. A soundly bottomed regionalism can achieve cosmopolitan breadth without fear of losing its integrity or virtue: it is only a sick and puling regionalism that must continually gaze with enamored eyes upon its own face, praising its warts and pimples as beauty marks. For a genuine regional tradition lives by two principles. One is, *cultivate whatever you have,* no matter how poor it is; *it is at least your own.* The other is, *seek elsewhere for what you do not possess:* absorb whatever is good wherever you may find it; *make it your own.* In seeking this distinguished artist from Mexico to paint its first murals, Dartmouth honored the great New England tradition; while by his magnificent painting Orozco has honored that hospitality, even as he has made a precious addition to the tradition itself.

Lewis Mumford.

Farewell

Death with his ancient hand
Will someday grip my heart
And keep it gripped, and stand
Waiting for it to grow still.
Then, flesh and blood and bones,
There'll scarce be time for thought;
I'll give you trite farewell.
Flesh, I'll wish you a blithe hill
Where nothing's cold, not even the stones;
Blood (I'll say) may your largess be
Spring's wild tide in a tulip tree;
Bones, I'll cry to your mute strength:
Stay strong! oh, break a plough
Some spring when I'm forgot.

James Daly.

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Housing, by Slow Freight

DISCUSSION of the administration's low-cost-housing program is being officially discouraged. Information concerning it comes with reluctance. Inquirers are told that if the government's plans become known, real-estate speculators will force up the price of land on which the government wishes to build. The chief apparent interest that Secretary Ickes and Messrs. Glavis and Slattery, twin chiefs of the P.W.A. Division of Investigation, have in low-cost housing is to circumvent such rascality.

Another reason why the administration may prefer to say nothing about its housing program is that, after more than a year of effort, it has very little to talk about. Fifty families are in the process of moving into, or else are installed in, government-subsidized individual houses in the mill town of Alta Vista, Virginia. Fourteen families are living in homes in the Euclid project in Cleveland. Four other projects are in the construction stage. The rest are blueprints.

A list of approved projects, and their present status, follows:

Limited Dividend Projects

Project	*Location*	*P.W.A. Allotment*	*Present Status*
Alta Vista	Alta Vista, Va.	$ 84,000	50 houses built
Boulevard Gardens	Queens, N. Y.	3,450,000	26% complete
Boylan Project	Raleigh, N. C.	198,000	Not started
Euclid Housing Corp.	Cleveland	1,000,000	14 houses built
Hillside Housing	Bronx, N. Y.	5,060,000	7% complete
Juniata Park	Philadelphia	1,039,000	38% complete
Neighborhood Gardens	St. Louis	640,000	3½% complete

Federal Projects

Project	*Location*	*P.W.A. Allotment*	*Present Status*
Cedar Central	Cleveland	$3,000,000	Title acquired
Community Housing	Indianapolis	3,000,000	Title acquired
Techwood	Atlanta	2,700,000	Demolition of present buildings began Oct. 1
University	Atlanta	2,100,000	Demolition of present buildings began Oct. 1
Municipal Housing Authority	New York City	25,000,000	Not started
"	Chicago	25,000,000	Not started
"	Washington	4,000,000	Not started
"	Detroit	8,000,000	Not started

The limited-dividend projects in the first section are those approved during the period in which Mr. Robert D. Kohn headed the P.W.A. Housing Division. Mr. Kohn had great enthusiasm for his job; he believed America ought to stop doing everything else, and build housing for a generation. Under his guidance, groups of people all over the country banded together to plan the reconstruction of their communities. Within a brief time, Mr. Kohn succeeded in attracting 553 proposals for low-cost housing. They were from all sorts of people, altruistic and selfish, responsible and irresponsible, but at least some of the projects—that of the Philadelphia hosiery workers for Juniata Park, for example—showed the highest type of social imagination.

Mr. Kohn was successful in obtaining Secretary Ickes' approval for eighteen of the projects before the P.W.A.'s Division of Investigations descended upon him. Objections were raised to the assets claimed for the limited-dividend corporations, to the amounts it was proposed to pay for land, to the alleged extravagance of the housing it was planned to erect. Relations between Secretary Ickes and Mr. Kohn became strained, and Mr. Kohn resigned. Eleven of the eighteen approved projects were thereupon canceled and the machinery of limited-dividend corporations was permanently abandoned.

The low-cost-housing program is now confined to the so-called federal projects. The second section of the table shows those so far approved. Under the present scheme, the P.W.A. works only with governmental units, states, municipalities, counties, not with groups of private individuals. It no longer loans money; the P.W.A. buys the land, pays the building costs and itself retains title for thirty years or until the full amount of its investment has been recovered. By keeping control thus tightly in his own hands, Mr. Ickes hopes to frustrate the scoundrelly speculators.

Accumulation of real estate has become the chief task of the Housing Division authorities. In comparison, the actual planning and construction of housing is a minor affair. With some justification, Mr. Ickes believes that the courts always cheat the government in condemnation proceedings, and insists that the Housing Division obtain the land it needs, as far as possible, through secret, negotiated private purchase. This can only be accomplished at the cost of many months of stealthy bargaining.

Mr. Ickes' zeal in safeguarding the P.W.A.'s funds is altogether praiseworthy. Nevertheless, the shift of emphasis that has occurred in the Housing Division seems regrettable. During Mr. Kohn's tenure of office, national sentiment was slowly being mobilized for the radical rebuilding of homes as a step towards a higher mass standard of living. Under the present regime of secrecy and suspicion, Washington has ceased to be a focus for this gathering sentiment.

So far seventy-four federal projects have been submitted to the Housing Division. Of these, thirty-seven have either been finally approved or are in the course of being investigated. In addition to the approved projects listed above, it is expected that

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final approval will shortly be given to one more Cleveland project, and to projects in Cincinnati, Louisville, Milwaukee and Montgomery. The Housing Division hopes to have all thirty-seven projects advanced to a point where actual construction can be begun by July 1, 1936.

For the seven limited-dividend projects and the thirty-seven federal projects, the P.W.A.'s share of the cost will be about $146,000,000. According to report, Mr. Ickes will not allot more than $100,000,000 to housing for 1935-36, which, if this report is true, means that the housing program, instead of being greatly increased as it should be, will have to be reduced, and that the hopes aroused by Mr. Kohn last year must be laid aside.

Washington. JONATHAN MITCHELL.

Two Sides of the Barricades

I: Bloody Rhody

WITHIN the range of the roving beam of a military searchlight mounted on the roof of the Sayles Finishing Company's plant and lined up in company front, a mob of several hundred persons stood 150 feet from a barbed-wire barricade and offered themselves as human targets for National Guardsmen.

I was in Saylesville reporting the Rhode Island textile strike for a newspaper, and stood inside the barricade. Through a chink in a sweet-smelling rampart of soft pine I could see women and children in the foreground.

To the left of the mob was Moshassuck Cemetery, where three of their number had felt the sting of powder-driven lead during an afternoon battle with the militia. To the right, tear gas still hovered over a street on which a seventeen-year-old boy had fallen when a rifle bullet pierced his chest. And behind lay a litter of stones of varying sizes—mementoes of the previous day's engagement.

Quiet had prevailed for almost an hour. Only the muted muttering of the crowd was audible. On my side of the barbed wire, enlisted men waiting for a command stood with rifles raised and officers expecting a charge stared into the semi-darkness.

"We haven't any guns and we aren't going to throw any more stones," bellowed a mobster. "Why don't you shoot, you bastardly tin soldiers?"

Guardsmen shuffled in their heavy boots. Officers began to pace up and down across the width of the street, remarking that it was cold.

Another man in the mob pushed his way to the front and launched into a speech.

"You soldiers are just a bunch of yellow punks, but we're your brothers and sisters," he shouted. "Maybe you've got fathers or mothers right out here in this crowd. Why don't you shoot us?"

The riflemen behind the barricade seemed to be drawing a bead on this fellow. Officers gathered in a tight little knot to confer in whispers. A group of reserves was moved up from the rear.

"Pull down the barbed wire, boys," the speaker pleaded. "Join us who are working men like you and I and we'll all go down the street together after the manufacturers."

The crowd applauded the speaker and jeered the troops.

"Governor Green is with us," the man was shouting now. "He announced over the radio tonight that any National Guardsman who goes against the manufacturers will get an honorable discharge."

The men in the mob roared approval. The shrill outcries of women sounded incongruous in such a setting. So did the adolescent voices of youths.

While the orator was identifying himself as an F.E.R.A. worker employed on a sewer project at the Ten Mile River, he was interrupted by a wit inspired to wisecrack. An argument ensued and it looked as though a fight would follow.

Then a buxom, middle-aged woman, taking advantage of the lull, began to address the troops in a husky voice that was electric with hatred. Liberally punctuated with profanity, her remarks were so permeated with feeling that the soldiers and rioters stood mute. Even the men who had squared off to fight forgot to launch their punches.

"I don't want money," she began, with a coolness that was compelling. "All I want is bread and butter for myself, my husband and my seven kids.

"I used to work for the Worcester Textile Company for just a few dollars a week. We had a Polish forelady, but she wasn't a woman—she was a God-damned slave driver.

"We're out here on this strike and we're going to win it. But when we came out here you shot at us. You wouldn't fight us like men.

"Why don't you shoot us now?" she screamed.

She paused. There wasn't a sound.

"Go ahead and shoot," she taunted, her husky voice again subdued.

Nothing happened.

"I'm an American citizen," she continued, "born in Central Falls. I have given birth to seven children in Central Falls. My mother and my father and my husband used to pay taxes in Central Falls. And now you yellow bastards have come out here to shoot at us from behind barbed wire.

"You know we're not armed. You know we aren't throwing stones. You don't have to be brave to

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stand back there with those rifles. If you're such God-damned good shots, why don't you shoot?

"I've got a boy who will be seventeen on Thursday and he wants to go into the navy. Do you think I'll let him join? Do you think I'd let my other boys fight for this God-damned lousy government if there was another war? I would not! I'd kill them first. I'd shoot them dead! Every one!"

Her voice broke and trailed off into curses and sobs. Men seized her by the arms and dragged her back into the crowd. There were no more speeches. Gradually the mob drifted away. Finally, by midnight, only a handful remained.

They walked up to inspect the barbed-wire entanglement and the timber barricade at close range. The soldiers, who had lowered their rifles when the majority of the crowd faded into the darkness, watched the visiting party closely.

There was a newsboy in the group. One of the rioters unfolded a paper and read a headline aloud:

THREE SHOT AS TROOPS FIRE
ON RHODE ISLAND MOB

A Guardsman stepped forward to buy. A paper was thrown over the wire. He tossed over a couple of pennies. They were pitched back.

Newsboy and rioters ambled away.

"We're bringing over 1,500 from New Bedford tomorrow," one man announced. "We'll lick you bastards yet."

A group of soldiers gathered under a street light to read the paper. They glanced at the headlines and pictures, then tossed it aside. They talked instead about the woman who had asked to be shot. There was nothing in the paper as convincing as the expression on her face when she shrieked into the muzzles of the rifles:

"I don't want money. All I want is bread and butter for myself, my husband and my seven kids."

Providence, R. I. CARL JOHNSON.

II: Lockout

IT WAS the second day of the lockout. Union headquarters were crowded with workers who had gone through the strike. They sat on chairs and on the rough wooden benches that ran around the room. I said I wanted to write something about the lockout but that I wanted them to write it for me. I had observed the strike but they were the strikers. It was their story. An elderly worker, who has been a cotton-mill man for twenty years, began it. His good American face became serious:

"All they want is to keep us from getting organized. They hate the union worse than they hate poison and they don't aim to have no union men working in their mills. They been fighting the union ever since it was started and they ain't going to stop. They are using the lockout just to break our union up."

He paused, nodding his head in the unquestionable certainty that he was right, and another worker took up the tale. He was much younger than the first speaker, a boy of nineteen or twenty. He wore overalls and a workman's blue shirt and his eyes were bright with determination.

"We're not giving up, though. We won this strike and we are going to get what we have won. We've got it coming to us. We been getting the thin end of the stick long enough."

"If you're going to write something," interrupted another worker sitting in a corner, "put down that yesterday when we went back to work the police drove us away and put four of our men in jail. How about that? It's getting so you can't even go back to work without getting put in jail."

"And don't forget to put in there," said the elderly worker who began the talk, "that when the strike was on they arrested our women and put them in jail along with all kind of criminals."

"If you want to write about what happened when the strike was on—" A small, middle-aged worker wearing glasses spoke up. "We can tell you plenty."

"Shar, we can tell you enough to keep you here all day."

"You know that one of our men was killed, don't you? We're going to name our local after him."

"You ought to write about when the police came in here and pulled their guns on everybody. One of them held a rifle on Johnson. Tell him about what happened, Johnson."

"Yes. Tell him how they tried to run you out of town."

L. J. Johnson is a Southern organizer for the United Textile Workers and led the local strike. He related his experiences briefly. He was arrested three times and received warnings to leave town if he didn't want to get "bumped off."

"You ought to write up what happened to that motorcade that was going to hear Dr. Ham," suggested another worker. "You know who Dr. Ham is? He's that evangelist who preached around here a while back. A lot of folks wanted to hear him and they started a Dr. Ham Motorcade and the soldiers started to arrest all of them because they thought they were the flying squadron."

Laughter filled the room. The story seemed to summarize the jittery behavior of the troopers during the strike.

"What I want to know," said the young worker who was determined to fight for what he considered had been won by the strike, "is why old Talmadge called out those troops. There wasn't no need for them. All they did was to try to break the strike. The paper said they were supposed to protect life and property but no lives or property were in danger."

"The soldiers were called out," said a grizzled striker with several front teeth missing, "to protect pocketbooks."

I suggested that we return to the lockout. What were their plans?

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"We plan on going back to work," said an officer of the local union. "We're just going to sit tight and wait until this new board starts operating. The old board was under Sloan's thumb but this new board is going to treat us different. The President is still for us."

"The way he got rid of Johnson shows that," said a worker. "If the only thing the strike did was to get rid of the General it would have been worth it."

"We can depend on this new board to give us a square deal," continued the union official. "We've won a clean-cut victory and it's up to Washington to see that we get what we've won."

"All we want," explained the worker who spoke first, "is to go back to work and to have our union recognized. Washington has to make them recognize it because they won't ever do it if they don't have to."

"I was on a committee that went to see the superintendent of my mill when the code went into effect," said a tall, thin worker with a straw hat pushed back on his head, "and he told me he didn't want to see nothing that had the name of the union on it. They figure that if they can break up the union by keeping us locked out they won't ever have to fight another strike."

"I was talking to a man who went to register for his old job this morning," said one of the previous speakers, "and he told me that they wanted him to sign a paper saying that he didn't want to join the union."

I asked how many men had been taken back.

"About twenty-five."

"The paper said yesterday that only seven strikers got their jobs back."

"I heard there were eleven altogether."

"There were over 2,000 workers out on strike," said the union official. "That shows what is happening."

"We won't go back to work unless they give everybody their jobs back. We didn't have that strike just to cause our people to lose their jobs."

"We've got to stick together. That's the only way we'll ever get anywhere."

"Yes. Put down that we're sticking together 100 percent."

"Let the mill owners read that."

"All we want is what's coming to us. We're willing to coöperate but they've got to recognize our union. Be sure and put that down."

"I'll put it down," I said.

"And put down that all we want is a fair deal."

"I'll put that down too. I hope you get it."

Augusta, Ga. HAMILTON BASSO.

More Santa Clara Justice[1]

ON MEMORIAL DAY, 1933, Allene Lamson, the wife of David Lamson, who was sales manager for the Stanford University Press, was found dead in the bathroom of their home on the Stanford campus, near Palo Alto. There is every reason to believe that she slipped in the tub while bathing, struck the back of her head on the corner of the washbasin, turned in falling, hung helpless over the edge of the tub, and bled to death. Lamson discovered her apparently forty or fifty minutes after her death. He had been burning rubbish and hoeing in the back yard, a regular holiday procedure with him. A nine-inch length of pipe was found in the miscellaneous rubbish of the fire—rubbish raked from an old fish pond, dragged from the garage and found in odd corners of the yard—and Lamson was convicted of murdering his wife with this pipe and was sentenced to hang. His appeal is now before the Supreme Court of California; he and his family are devoid of funds; and he himself has now spent about a year in the death cell at San Quentin. August Vollmer, professor of Criminology at the University of California, has described the case as "the most amazing situation that has ever arisen in American jurisprudence—a man sentenced to hang for a crime never committed and the evidence itself proving his innocence."

The bathroom in the Lamson home was extremely small, and the measurements show beyond question that Mrs. Lamson could have fallen in the manner claimed; the undertaker wiped blood from the edge of the washbasin, where her head is presumed to have struck. The theory of the prosecution was that Lamson seized his wife by the hair, drew her head forward and beat her with the pipe. Yet the room was very small and, had he done so, he must have intercepted a great deal of the blood which sprayed from the wound: the blood spots on the wall were densely and evenly distributed and showed no such interruption; and no incriminating clothing of Lamson's has ever been discovered.

The conviction was obtained chiefly on the testi-

[1] The author of this article has no personal acquaintance with Lamson and had none with his family until recently. He is, along with Professor Frances Theresa Russell of the Stanford English Department, author of a 100-page summary of the entire case, a summary based on the research of the attorney for the appeal, Edwin V. McKenzie. Since he is merely a summarist in this instance, he can state with proper modesty that the booklet is an extremely interesting social document. It is publicly approved by some thirty scholars, physicians, clergymen and writers, a group including a number of the most eminent men on the Pacific Coast, and may be obtained for $1 from Dr. Edith Johnson, Medico-Dental Building, Palo Alto, California. Contributions to the Defense Fund should be mailed to August Vollmer, Professor of Criminology, Room 11, South Hall, University of California, Berkeley, California.

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mony of Dr. Proescher, the state expert in the matter of blood stains, and of Dr. A. W. Meyer, professor of Anatomy at Stanford. Proescher found blood stains in a clothes closet, which later proved to be the marks of a child's colored crayons. The state found a shirt marked with three spots close together: Proescher cut one of these out, and in the process of testing it destroyed it entirely; and in the course of the preliminary hearing and of the trial contradicted himself several times as to whether or not this spot was of blood, and ended by saying that it was not, which was fortunate, for the two spots remaining were of paint.

Proescher and a deputy sheriff, Moore, found fragments of burned cloth in the fire, which the defense expert, Dr. Heinrich, showed to be part of a large piece of painter's canvas, which was found near the fire with its edges burnt. Proescher claimed that he found blood on these pieces: one, when given the benzidin test before Dr. Heinrich, reacted negatively, and Proescher abandoned it. In other words, when Proescher tested the piece secretly, he found blood; when publicly, he found no blood. He claimed that he had found blood on the second sample, but he failed to keep an appointment to test it before Heinrich: he said that the district attorney forbade him. Proescher claimed further that with knife blades he had scraped blood from the door and floor of the back screened porch in such a fashion as to leave no trace of the blood spots (the floor and door showed no trace either of blood or of having been scraped: a physical impossibility in the light of Proescher's testimony), that he had made tests of this material in private and had found blood, and that he had destroyed all of the blood so gathered in the course of the tests.

Proescher found more "blood"—a spot three or four times the size of a pinhead—on the thread of the pipe. This material reacted positively to the benzidin test, when tested before Heinrich of the defense: the benzidin test, when positive, indicates the presence of nearly any organic matter—of potato, or of carrot, for example, or of half-burned weeds such as those of which the fire was composed. A spectroscopic examination would have settled the question within some approximation of certainty, though not beyond doubt: Proescher claimed that he made such an examination in private and found blood. He failed to keep an appointment for a joint examination with Heinrich: he said that the district attorney forbade him.

Dr. Meyer found certain subcutaneous hemorrhagic areas under each of Mrs. Lamson's braids of hair and between the braids, from which he deduced that the hair had been pulled: it is to be noted that this evidence—if it was evidence—of a struggle, was the only evidence of a struggle on the entire body. It is regrettable from every conceivable standpoint that Dr. Meyer did not see fit to consult specialists on this subject or to give the defense an opportunity to consult them: it was a matter of interpretation, not of fact; a man's life and the reputation of a family were at stake; and it was obviously a case that required open and scholarly investigation. Dr. Meyer, however, consulted no one, it would appear, save the staff of the prosecution, and he appeared as a surprise witness. These tactics were successful at the time. The defense was caught off its guard and the jury accepted Dr. Meyer's opinion as authoritative.

The medical testimony is too extensive to be reviewed here. Suffice it to say that Von Bergmann's "Surgery of the Head," the standard text on the subject, appears to contradict Dr. Meyer's interpretation quite clearly; and that among the physicians and surgeons who have publicly committed themselves to a belief in Lamson's innocence is Dr. Howard Naffziger, reputed to be the ablest brain and skull surgeon in the West and a competent critic of such testimony if such a critic exists. Finally, the photograph of Mrs. Lamson taken by the police immediately upon her discovery shows one braid hanging but perfectly braided, and with a hairpin still loosely attached, and the other braid not only braided perfectly but coiled perfectly in place on the side of the head. The perfect braiding and coiling of a woman's hair, like the tying of perfect sailor's knots, requires great mechanical dexterity, which comes only from practice. It is obvious that Lamson could not rearrange the hair, and if he did not rearrange it, he could not have pulled it: the hemorrhages, it must be recollected, were under both braids and between them. As nearly as a layman like myself can discover, such hemorrhages are a fairly common result of solid blows to the head and may appear at a considerable distance from the point of impact.

The evidence thus far summarized deals with only a small part of the entire body, but more cannot be given in a short article. The remaining evidence is fully as striking, however, and the evidence here given is even more striking when summarized in full.

The judge saw fit to exclude from the trial nearly all the expert testimony in favor of an accident; the jury, to make sure that an accident could not have occurred, constructed a "model bathroom" of tables and chairs in the jury-room and tried falling out of the "tub" to the "washbowl." They decided that the notion of an accident was nonsense. After the trial, it was discovered that one of the jurors was a deputy sheriff in the county of the trial; a second juror made an affidavit that she had been approached by the sheriff's secretary, another deputy sheriff, and induced to vote for conviction by stories that Lamson was degenerate and a dope addict; and still a third juror is claimed by the attorneys for the defense to have been better acquainted with Sheriff Emig than was proper or than he admitted when questioned before the trial.

Every attempt was made in the course of the trial to attack Lamson's previous character, but in spite of much effort and much talking, nothing

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tangible was proved. Since the trial, the defense has had to contend with a tremendous amount of gossip, much of it spontaneous, nervous and irresponsible, more of it showing evidence of a deliberate effort to frustrate the defense. These stories are numerous and destroy sympathy with the defense, which stands badly in need of funds; and it is impossible to combat them, for they spread and are replaced by new ones more rapidly than they can be discredited.

The Lamson case is a social phenomenon of great importance. Lamson was not a political agitator; before his misfortune he had no enemies save private enemies and he had no more of those than have most men. A handful of country policemen, the subalterns of Sheriff Emig, who was a little later to gain national recognition for his heroic stand against the San José lynchers, decided within fifteen minutes of their arrival on the scene that Lamson was guilty of murder, and by that decision committed the district attorney to the same opinion and latterly the attorney general of the state, who made a pitiable attempt to argue the case before the Supreme Court in May of this year. This process is surely the reversal of wisdom. Since the process appears to be all but invariable in criminal cases, however—that is, since the initial decision of the lowest order of minds in the whole mechanism of justice is that which releases the wealth of the state and the ingenuity of all the abler minds—one is forced to regret that gentlemen of the talents and training of the attorney general are not obtainable as county sheriffs. As to the higher offices, we might then safely fill them from among the ranks of the prune-pickers.

Lamson's academic neighbors, for the greater part, and in spite of the notorious corruption of Santa Clara County, are unwilling to lift a hand in his aid or an eye to examine his case, and they are to a surprising degree the dupes and even the organs of gossip. Such indifference is an interesting commentary on the academic discipline.

Lamson is far more pathetic than are most of the victims of the economic struggle and of racial prejudice: such men can at least feel themselves to be martyrs to a cause and can expect the immediate sympathy and aid of large classes of people; they can usually feel that history, at least, will justify them, whether collectively or individually. Lamson, however, was the victim of an accident and of the irreducible ugliness and irrationality of the human mind. His case is of a type that people are slow to examine; he has no class or group for his partisans. He is merely a gentle and amiable man who appears to be innocent of the crime for which he has been sentenced to death. If he is hanged as a murderer, he will be remembered as a murderer for a short time and then forgotten, but the lives of his sisters and daughter will be blighted until their deaths.

YVOR WINTERS.

Washington Notes

Roosevelt's Speech—Cold Comfort for Big Business—Congress Has the Whip Hand

MR. ROOSEVELT'S speech on the radio last Sunday night was obviously an attempt to give that reassurance to the conservatives for which they have been pleading so piteously the last few weeks. In view of the fact that nearly all aspects of business have been sliding downhill rapidly in the recent past, even some of his own important advisers have been urging him to do what he could to end the present jitters in the business world. As I write, it is too early to say just what the effect will be, but I shall be astonished if it is very good.

It seems to me that nothing the President could possibly say would reassure business, unless he abandoned nearly all of his fundamental principles. To be sure, he reaffirmed his devotion to the private-profit system; but nobody except Mark Sullivan really supposed that he had repudiated it. He also suggested that labor and capital agree for a specified period of time to arbitrate all disputes, and bind themselves in advance to accept the results of such arbitration. Any such scheme is obviously ten times more valuable to capital than it is to labor, especially with the kind of mediation that is to be expected under the Roosevelt administration. But the President did not promise to reduce federal expenditures; on the contrary, he defended the public-works program vigorously. He did not promise to stop juggling the value of the currency. He insisted that some aspects at least of the N.R.A. will be permanent. The frightened capitalists can certainly get little comfort out of such a speech as this. The only thing that will cheer them up will be a business boom. As long as we don't get it, they will continue to attack the Roosevelt administration whether it is responsible or not. If a boom should come, their attacks would die away, even though, as seems likely to be the case, the President himself had had little to do with the restoration.

The President's big-business critics are paying insufficient attention to the political drift in the country. There is now no doubt that the new Congress to be elected in November will be amenable enough in following a Roosevelt program designed to expand along the social lines he has indicated, but it would certainly prove recalcitrant if anything like the complete stoppage demanded by the industrialists were attempted. So clear is that fact to anyone who understands the temper of the people and the type of men who will constitute the bulk of the Seventy-fourth Congress that he will need no argument to be persuaded that Roosevelt's actions in the next session are bound to be along the enlightened lines advocated by his more liberal advisers. So long as this is so, it seems to me that while these advisers may be irritated by the inability of Mr. Roosevelt to be one thing or the other as a permanent proposition, they need not be perturbed about the ultimate course of the administration. It has gone too far in the one direction to turn around.

It may be worth noting here that the drive by the busi-

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ness interests has been especially to reduce the amount being spent for relief. This is, of course, pretty big at the moment and will be still bigger before the winter is over. The contention of the apprehensive industrial leaders is that there can be no balancing of the budget until the size of this burden is cut down. Unless this is done, they urge, it means the levying of much heavier taxes—taxes that will fall primarily upon incomes and inheritances. In that I think they are perfectly correct. Despite the suave assurances of Senator Pat Harrison, chairman of the Finance Committee, there will be a tax bill at the next session, and a considerable increase in taxes. Moreover, despite any amount of reassuring words and conciliatory gestures toward business by the President, there will be no drastic curtailment of the relief expenditures.

If there is one thing above all others which the new Congress will refuse to do, it is to take any action looking toward such curtailment. Most of the House members will be specifically committed to increased relief expenditures. With the fire-eating Johnson out of the picture, they may be willing to carry out any White House N.R.A. recommendations and to accept as a whole the White House social program. But the White House might just as well whistle in the wind as ask this next Congress "drastically to curtail" relief. That just will not be done. Moreover, it will not be asked.

So far as Johnson's resignation is concerned, it does not seem necessary to say more than that it would have been better for the General, better for the President and certainly better for the N.R.A. had he resigned six months ago when the tragic failure of the scheme became apparent. As it is, not many here believe that the organization can be successfully resuscitated. Opinion is divided as to whether it will die an automatic death next June or will be continued in a greatly contracted and relatively insignificant form.

T. R. B.

Washington.

Other People's Money

Time for New Rabbits—Propitiating the Bankers—Roosevelt in a Tight Spot —Spending Decreases

IT IS getting close to rabbit-pulling time in Washington. Most of the old rabbits are lying feet uppermost. The latest crop pulled out of the presidential bonnet are not doing so well. The plan for making direct loans to industry has almost completely collapsed. Industry apparently wishes to take no loans. The so-called housing plan is something less than a grim jest. Last week the administrator announced that the banks were making modernization loans at the rate of a million dollars a day. A million a day may sound like a good deal, but in a year it means only about $300,000,000, which isn't much. But the most significant element in this is that the administrator fails to announce whether or not this means an increase in the volume of loans for this purpose. Banks had been making such loans right along. Men are always borrowing money to repair their homes or put in a new heating system or to fix the roof. Numerous large corporations, like the American Radiator Company, have for some years had plans for financing such repairs. If the truth were known, we should probably find that the actual loans produced by this new agency amount to a mere drop in the bucket. And now, with the approach of winter, the season for making repairs is passing.

The latest device of the Secretary of the Treasury to cajole the bankers into easing up on credit will, of course, get nowhere. For years the blindest of all blind agencies in America were our bank-examining departments. Perhaps the bankers were blinder, but that is a nice point. It was a case of the blind leading the blind. Then when the banks crashed and the whole banking system went into a tail-spin, both the bankers and the bank examiners had their eyes rudely opened. Bankers smarted under the denunciations of the public for their easy-going credit policies. Bank examiners pleaded that their forces were inadequate. But at all events both of them, with their eyes opened at last, have, for the first time in years, been applying a little intelligence and scrutiny to their bank loans. Now the President insists the bankers ought to be ashamed of themselves. This is no time to be getting too much repentance. And so he now proposes to them through his Treasury Department a characteristic Roosevelt compromise—a state between the shut-eyed period of the twenties and the open-eyed period of the thirties. In other words, he suggests that the examiners shut one eye. The President had better keep his hands off the banking system in any such adventure as this. It is alive today merely because of government guarantee and government funds. This is no time to monkey with the banks. What is needed—and the sooner the better—is a new banking system, not a return to the old one.

The collapse of the N.R.A.—or rather the public exhibition of the collapse which had already occurred—has put the administration on the spot. And with an administration that believes it must keep the circus band going even when there is no act on, it will seem quite essential to produce some sensational trapeze act to divert the public attention. More important than all, the sinking business situation cries aloud for notice. Newspapers—even Republican newspapers—will refrain from talking about business being bad. That will never go down with the advertisers. But things have arrived at such a pass that even The New York Times in an editorial calls attention to the business condition reported in this department a month ago—namely, that business is at about the point at which it was in January, 1933, while Herbert Hoover was yet in office.

In Washington I find an air of pervasive gloom in many quarters. Whether or not this despondence has reached the Great Man himself, I do not know. But one thing is certain. He must now do something. What that will be we can only guess. Whatever it is, it must involve public spending on a still larger scale. And as the President himself, despite the charges of his Republican critics, spends with a reluctant hand; and as he is said to be

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troubled by the rising debt, despite the legerdemain by which the public is induced to believe that the debt has not risen, and as he is having trouble with bankers who show a hesitancy about taking many more bonds, it is entirely possible that some scheme for spending the gold profit will presently make its appearance, to be followed in due course by a plan for a government-owned and controlled central bank.

But Mr. Roosevelt finds himself more and more face to face with facts and less and less able to help himself with band music. The strike settlements that have been patched up and postponed threaten to rise up again to plague him. The business men he once wooed to the point of losing his true liberal friends are all deserting him, as was inevitable. The confidence in his measures has almost completely evaporated. There remains only a populace that is still wishfully illusioned as to the President personally. If Mr. Roosevelt has read history, as his hymn-singers tell us he has, he must know what can happen to the minds and tempers of a populace overnight. He will probably get a verdict in the approaching congressional elections. But he must not be too much set up by that. For beyond the elections lies the winter. And in this serious, solemn situation we find him again in conference with Mr. Gerard Swope and Mr. Bernard Baruch. We find Mr. Harriman and Mr. Lund of the Manufacturers' Association put on Mr. Roper's Committee to study and plot economic policy. It is not reassuring.

The President's strategy is now, for the moment, almost wholly political. Mr. Roosevelt thinks most lucidly when he is dealing with political values. He is called a great politician. We shall see about that. But for the time being it is in that field his mind is at work. The Fates have been good to him. The Republican Old Guard is still in whatever saddle is left to that bewildered party. The Liberty League, Mr. Fletcher, Mr. Ogden Mills and Mr. Hoover can be counted on to give the President a boost whenever he needs it. As matters now stand, he has no fear from the Republicans alone. His real danger lies in the direction of a third party. There does not seem to be any chance of a third party's being successful in 1936. But there is an excellent chance of a third party's polling so many votes that it could defeat Mr. Roosevelt for President or, at the very least, capture so many seats in the House, that he would be without a working majority, save by knuckling down to a united radical bloc. From now until the elections of 1936, Mr. Roosevelt's problem on the political front must be to discourage, to thwart, to divide all third-party movements.

The spendings of the federal government have been less than in the period up to July. For the eight or nine months preceding July the government spent about $270,000,000, not counting loans made by the R.F.C., much of which went into spending. For the three months—July, August and September—spendings, exclusive of R.F.C. outlays, will not exceed $230,000,000. They will have to be speeded up by some scheme to at least twice this sum to enable the country to dawdle along for another year as it has been doing.

JOHN T. FLYNN.

Foreign Movies: Not to Praise

ACCORDING to the stories, British films are going to be pushed much harder in this country, not only by a widening of their distribution, but by designing them more consciously for what some fancy to be the American Psychology. This is news of mixed goodness. Outside of "The Constant Nymph," "I Was a Spy" and "Catherine" —the few special exceptions good enough to be distributed on their own merits anyway—the pictures sent over by English companies this year have not been such as to whet the appetite for more. They are so earnest and inept, they apply Hollywood gags to the wrong situations three years later with such an air of trying, that to sit through one is a peculiar experience. You are not amused, you are not angered, you are embarrassed merely.

In the field of writing, Englishmen had a tradition going back so far you couldn't see it, and if Americans didn't like a book, they could pick up their swaddling clothes and go home, no one had asked them in the first place and what did they know about tradition. In the movies, fortunately for our self-respect, it is different. When something English is particularly boring or particularly thick, one can speak stiffly and with confidence, saying: We were cracking this joke ten years ago, and it wasn't very funny. And when program pieces like "Friday the 13th," "It's a Boy!" "For Love or Money" (that is, the routine product of the industry) are made more available and frequent over here, more and more of the less polite of us will be saying: Yah.

The latest importations include "The Bride of the Lake," which may have been stepped up to the American tempo, but is still a soggy and obvious sort of thing. It has a background of Irish countryside and a plot of heroes, villains and the family nag saving the family fortunes: a Tom Mix Western with the advantage of scenery and tunes. "Little Friend" is not quite so definitely British as others. It is notable chiefly for its sentimental fingering of a "problem": How can the little girl reconcile her estranged parents? By morbidity leading to attempted suicide? Yes. Nova Pilbeam, the child, is sensitive and rather sweet, but not able to hold such a story together. Hollywood's "Little Miss Marker" had the same false weepiness, but also a partial shine and vigor that leave no comparison.

But all this in no spirit of hatred for the English: only to say they would do well to keep their average films at home. I don't suppose it would have been brought up even now if it weren't for another picture, one of the kind the English seem to handle as well as could be expected. It is an operetta, "Chu Chin Chow," and manages to swing successfully between fantasy and a humorous kind of realism. All about Ali Baba, the Forty Thieves, plots, riches and blood (of which last three you will not have seen so much in years). There are dull spots sprinkled throughout, but in general it gets the objective, tongue-in-cheek treatment the theme demands. The settings (especially the streets of the town) are well worked out, the effects nicely accented by an intelligent musical score. George Robey and Fritz Kortner are funny and human looking, but ride their parts too hard. The movie is flawed and may require a certain mood of acceptance, but it is foolish and delightful, and I like it.

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There are importations of a different nature from the Soviet Union, which has also been turning out a run of disappointing films this year. "Petersburg Nights" (from two of the lesser Dostoevsky stories) is about the best, and a long way from being splendid. I think no disservice would be done the downtrodden millions of the world if one were to come out and say that whatever has been done in the past, the Soviet product is getting pretty shoddy. Yet you might think Amkino was the King, and could release no wrong, the way people circle the point. There is certainly nothing in movies today so immediate and real as the premise from which the Soviet artists start, nothing so intrinsically powerful as these sudden dark faces, thick arms and swaying mobs. The music is big and competent, and then there is that vast and thrilling country, with its history, to draw upon. They have got all this and they are facing in the right direction; but they do not move forward. "Petersburg Nights" (the Acme Theatre) is the story of an artist who drew his music from the masses, refused to lick boots, failed in the salons and won the lean final victory of hearing his song in the throats of strikers, headed out for Siberia. All this in a procession of fragments, some of them banal, some (the marching sequences, the wind on the steppes) striking, but all of them lacking in sureness, fitted into no compact and moving whole. It is confused, jerky. Even if all the sequences were as brilliantly conceived and photographed as some, there would still be this uncontinuous procession of attitudes, simple but not clear. It is as though the pages of several novels were shuffled together, good with bad, and then bound up to look like a book.

"Mass Struggle" has the same faults and virtues, but less of both. The Ukrainian peasants moving against the Poles, winning, being sold out, some few of them knowing the issue and paying the price of being born before their time. A good theme, some fine, unintegrated touches, but otherwise inconclusive and poor. And that being the case, we might as well say so. The Soviet industry has turned out some thundering fine pictures, and one will do these no great honor by cheapening their praise on every patchwork that comes along.

OTIS FERGUSON.

CORRESPONDENCE

A Dissatisfied Customer

SIR: Technically speaking—as one editor to another—this [September 19] number is a very bad one; it violates a principle written deep in the constitutional law in my good old day. We used to heed the rule that every right magazine must have some articles to skip, rest places for the interested reader. A table of contents that made the reader feel that he had to read everything was discouraging. Well, this number gave me the sinking sense that I would have to go through the whole damn thing. To relieve my depression I turned to the few articles I hoped would be no good. And, doggone it, even they were good, very good. Malcolm Cowley's Legend, for example. Not caring for legends, interested only in facts, I started his Li Ning with some of the faith I have come to put in him and I soon found myself reading with tears in my eyes as beautiful a review—a mere review but as charming a thing as I ever read. And then there was Mary Heaton Vorse— But what's the use of repeating your bad table of contents? My kick, as I set out to say, is at the whole of it and its make-up man.

LINCOLN STEFFENS.

Carmel, Calif.

Helping Cuba

SIR: In The New Republic of September 5, an editorial congratulates the administration upon the conclusion of the new reciprocal-tariff treaty with Cuba, as a "step in the right direction." The editorial further states that this treaty illustrates the mutual benefits of such international agreements.

The theory upon which these congratulations have been extended seems to have been that America has come off with a good thing in making concessions that will total, possibly, $30,000,000, with a fair prospect that our export trade to Cuba will increase by $50,000,000. On the face of it there appears to be a clear profit of about $20,000,000, an almost classic triumph of lower-tariff bargaining.

Unfortunately the treaty is not likely to have such simple and beneficial results. The chief concession made by this country, a reduction in our sugar tariff expected to amount to about $23,000,000, has little chance of being passed on to the Cuban consumer, and, in turn, passed on by him to the American exporter. The reason for this is that this benefit will pass directly to the persons who have hitherto paid the sugar tariff. Since the depression delivered the Cuban sugar industry from the hands of American corporations into the hands of three large New York banking groups, notably the Chase National Bank, the National City group, and J. and W. Seligman, there is little likelihood that this $23,000,000, will be anything but a further government gratuity to Cuba's absentee New York landlords.

This becomes more especially true when it is remembered that the Jones-Costigan sugar-control bill limits our sugar imports from Cuba to a fixed quota, and that the decreased duty on sugar imports cannot therefore result in an increased sale of Cuban sugar in this country.

In larger terms what is finally most unfortunate of all is that this treaty tends to strengthen in Cuba the very American groups whose support of Machado brought so much discredit to the United States throughout all Spanish America.

Forsaking military intervention was fine; repealing the Platt Amendment was splendid. But there is much more to do if we are to earn the faith of Latin America in our good intentions.

W. L. L. SCOTT.

Denver, Colo.

Angles on Engle

SIR: I read with great interest the review by Malcolm Cowley of Paul Engle's "American Song" which appeared in The New Republic of August 29. But having opened a copy of "American Song," that review now reminds me of nothing so much as the stupid rot which one Peter Bayne (fortunately, by most forgotten) wrote concerning Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" for The Contemporary Review, December, 1875. Engle is not one of the nasty things that Mr. Cowley has called him. He does not make "the eagle scream, the bison bellow, the welkin ring"; and—dear, oh, dear!—those Ohio shirts were hardly "hunting" (!) shirts. If Engle is "a thumping good, tub-thumping Fourth of July congressman," fill, O God, our land with congressmen and give us grateful hearts! . . .

In fact, Mr. Cowley's review is so distorted, trivial and absurd as to be unworthy of answer were it not that his point of view implies that he has settled for all time a twofold problem: the province of poetry and the function of criticism. One suspects that Mr. Cowley's animus is severe purely because Engle is no purveyor of social, economic or political propaganda. In accord-

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ance with this attitude, Chaucer would also have to be condemned *as a poet* for giving scant place to the peasants' revolt; Milton, *as a poet,* relegated to the hottest hell for failing to drag his political views into "Paradise Lost"; and Thomas Hood, awarded highest praise for his "Song of the Shirt." Mr. Cowley's laudable zeal to bring about a changed social order has made him a critic not to be trusted. What monstrosities would he not give birth to in reviewing a volume of Keats or Herrick, of Marvell or Donne? Many of us hope to die, bravely of course, for the Communist cause, but nothing will turn us into arch Tories more quickly than full-blown nonsense parading as literary criticism: Mr. Cowley will never succeed in leading a nation's creative expression by attempting to drive it. . . .

Engle does not seek to glorify "the search for gold and land": he is out to reaffirm spiritual values. And his high-handed critic gives himself away completely when he includes himself with those who, on "a spiritual dude-ranching trip," have "no wagons to hang a bucket under, nor even a bag of meal with which to make hoe-cakes in the ashes of the campfire." Never was spiritual wasteland more blatant. Mr. Cowley also has a curiously perverted notion of what constitutes literary borrowing. Literature progresses through generations of accretion, and no writer, not even Mr. Cowley, claims to spring full-blown from a vacuum. Paul Engle is all the fine things Stephen Vincent Benét and J. Donald Adams have said of him, and more. He is walking in his own grand shoes, and they fit.

Of Engle's generation,

G. D. GOSLING.

Grand Rapids, Mich.

SIR: I have just read Malcolm Cowley's review of Paul Engle's book, "American Song." I have to write you about it. I feel like Engle got what was coming to him. When I first read his poem, "America Remembers," the poem that took the Century of Progress Exposition honors, I thought "W'y, here is poetry I like." But before I had walked a mile, that feeling felt like something hollow within—only emptiness was left, tinged with remorse. I couldn't see him as a poet. Something in me wouldn't let me see him.

Now about what Mr. Cowley was saying in his review about the country being exploited [by the spirit of pioneer individualism that Engle glorifies]. I wish Paul Engle could only take a look at this part of Kentucky, at the hills where no plow can ever furrow and where the trees are all gone. The coal is all gone; nothing is left but the old sprouty hills. I say our section of Kentucky has been exploited. Where the old coal banks used to be, a yellow blood (sulphur water) oozes from the gutted hills. I get so mad at times I could cry. It does me a hell of a lot of good. I have seen in my life every hard foot of road to Greenup County, and I have seen all the timber in my vicinity disappear. Paul Engle has not seen this.

Fullerton, Ky. JESSE STUART.

SIR: My most heartfelt congratulations to Malcolm Cowley on his review of this fellow Engle. It has been several years since we have agreed on very many things, but here is something that I agree with down to the syllables. It is a fine review. . . .

Clarksville, Tenn. ALLEN TATE.

Disagreements on San Francisco

SIR: In the first paragraph of your July 25 issue you declare the San Francisco Industrial Association was formed "shortly before Mooney went to jail" and "stood behind the city government when Mooney was framed." Local records show that Mooney was convicted on February 9, 1917, and that the Industrial Association was organized the latter part of 1921.

2. Mr. Robert Cantwell [in the article, "San Francisco: Act I," in the same issue] uses many columns to give his bizarre version of our late strike and leaves no doubt in the mind of anyone who lived through this memorable struggle that the principal source of his information can be traced directly to the same Communist propagandists who have labored so energetically to convince the world that the San Francisco labor movement has acquired a bright red taint. Because it is self-evident that he has heard only one half of the story, Mr. Cantwell readily agrees with our worst labor baiters when asserting that our strike was Communist led. In this twisted frame of mind he twice refers, in most disparaging terms, to a resolution adopted by the San Francisco Labor Council on June 22. This resolution, he says, was "specifically aimed at the leaders of the strike and designed to break the united front that had been formed when the Marine Workers' Industrial Union" (a Communist propaganda society of recent origin) "went on strike with the longshoremen."

The truth is that the before-mentioned Communist propaganda society, though insignificant numerically, had repeatedly tried but never succeeded in breaking the united front of the I.L.A. and the I.S.U., *i. e.,* the Pacific District Unions of the International Longshoremen's Association and the Pacific District Unions of the International Seamen's Union. The resolution was not aimed at any leader and was, in fact, initiated by the rank and file of strikers themselves who bitterly resented the unfair treatment accorded them by the daily press. On June 15, the thirty-six members of the Joint Strike Committee of the three Pacific District Unions of the International Seamen's Union unanimously adopted and signed the following resolution [which read in part]: "Resolved, That we herewith again absolutely repudiate any and all Communist organizations, including the so-called Marine Workers' Industrial Union. . . . "

A week later, the San Francisco Labor Council, upon recommendation of its Executive Board, by a vote of 192 to 22, adopted the resolution which causes Mr. Cantwell so much concern. . . .

3. [Mr. Scharrenberg takes further issue with some statements of Mr. Cantwell's in "War on the West Coast," August 1]: The Industrial Association is bad enough without making it appear to be a wizard, that is, breaking a building-trades strike two years before it was organized. There is a touch of humor in Mr. Cantwell's final blast at "Wallace Alexander, of the American Hawaiian Line, the most bitter anti-labor capitalist on the Coast." Mr. Alexander is not identified with the American-Hawaiian Company and could not have taken an active part in the strike because he was in Honolulu from February to the end of June. To brand Mr. Alexander as a most bitter anti-labor capitalist is merely advertising one's ignorance of current events. Far from being bitter in his attitude toward union labor, Mr. Alexander has repeatedly demonstrated opposite tendencies. It was largely through his influence that the Pacific District Unions of the International Seamen's Union had been able to maintain union recognition (prior to the strike) on the ships operated by the Oceanic Steamship Company and the Oceanic and Oriental Navigation Company.

PAUL SCHARRENBERG,
Secretary, California State Federation of Labor,
Member, Executive Board, International
Seamen's Union of America.

San Francisco, Calif.

SIR: I was mistaken about Mr. Alexander's business connections and deeply regret my error. I mentioned Mr. Alexander by name, not because I believed that he had been particularly active in the strike—though many newspapermen and seamen believed this to be the case—but because he seemed to me to be the purest type of Western capitalist, and because an understanding of the difference between these capitalists and the average American employer is essential for an understanding of the seamen's and longshoremen's strike. It must be understood, that is, that the dominant capitalists in this part of the Pacific Coast are conscious imperialists to a much greater extent than those of the country as a whole, that they have heavy investments in the Hawaiian Islands, that immediate or possible interruptions in transport are of vital importance to them for obvious reasons, that they are accustomed to dealing with native labor or familiar with the way labor problems are ordinarily settled in our colonies, and that these related factors in addition to the basic issues involved, gave the strike its peculiar character. Easterners ordinarily overlook the intimate connection between the Pacific Coast and the Islands; my reference to Mr. Alexander's activities was an attempt to suggest it in the brief space available.

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Mr. Scharrenberg is, however, badly mistaken in guessing at the sources of my information. I was told by an official of the Industrial Association that Mr. Alexander was one of the most active members of that body and that, while he was militantly anti-union, other members of the directorate were not. Newspapermen and seamen reported to the same effect, so that the news of Mr. Alexander's friendship for the International Seamen's Union is news indeed. The Industrial Association's record in labor disputes also came from the Industrial Association—I know nothing of its record in the case of Tom Mooney. I suggest, however, that Mr. Scharrenberg is attaching a good deal of importance to the date of formal organization: my observation is that the Industrial Association, like the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association in other communities, is merely a loosely organized group of open-shop employers, languishing in periods of industrial quiet and seizing the opportunity, when strikes occur, to further its program. Consequently, though The New Republic's editorial writer was incorrect in saying that the Industrial Association stood behind the city government when Mooney was framed, many of those who later became its members undoubtedly did.

I fail to follow Mr. Scharrenberg in his involved explanation of the reasons why the Labor Council condemned the radicals. Under the circumstances, with the newspapers, the radio, public officials and employers charging that the leaders of the strike were radicals and Communists, that act was popularly interpreted as an attack on the strike—the Labor Council merely added its voice to the swelling chorus. After the funeral for Sperry and Boredeis had demonstrated that the masses of union workers were in sympathy with the strike, the Labor Council fell all over itself turning somersaults: statements were made, and published in the newspapers, that the Council had full confidence in the leaders of the longshoremen and seamen, that all radicals had been ousted—though no significant changes had taken place in the strike leadership. Mr. Scharrenberg says that the strikers resented the attitude of the newspapers, so they jumped on the Communists. I talked with a lot of strikers, including members of the I.S.U., and I didn't talk to one who wasn't bitter about the attitude of the newspapers. But unlike Mr. Scharrenberg's subtle colleagues of the Labor Council, they censured the newspapers.

ROBERT CANTWELL.

San Francisco, Calif.

The Paying Guests at Sea

SIR: In his good article on the "Morro Castle" disaster [The New Republic, September 26], Paul Keating seems in several minor points not to make the issue so clear as it might be. In looking for a place to hang responsibility, for instance, you have got to pass up the "low" wages paid the ship's seamen. Fifty dollars a month for able seamen is not comparatively low at all. Many lines pay less, even the U. S. Navy pays less (a different institution, of course, but maintaining its efficiency rather well); and as for other countries, the rates are universally lower. Whatever you think of $35 a month as a living wage, the figure in itself explains nothing so far as a lack of tradition goes. The tradition of the sea was built up on a system of payment and feeding so relatively fantastic that there was never any reason why men should work at all; and to imply that you couldn't expect anything of such an ill rewarded bunch as the "Morro Castle" crew is a bit hasty. You can't really expect it, it is true; you never could expect it; but you have always got it. That is your tradition.

And as for a ship's filling its complement by taking a last-minute batch at the pierhead, it is hard to see how this alone makes incompetence inevitable. The docks are lined at all times with lean and seasoned old dogs, many of them with third mate's tickets (earned, too), and willing to ship as anything—as seamen, ordinaries, anything. The point is that the company, that modern passenger shipping, does not want this kind of good seaman, does not want a tradition of the sea. Such a tradition calls for iron discipline of all on board, not only in time of emergency, but at all other times, in preparation for it. Shipping has become so safe that the few moments of danger are no longer what governs a passenger vessel's routine. And along with safety has come the comfort of saloons and stateroom suites—the lines could still build safer ships, but would everything be comfy? If you have a lot of dirty seamen running around in their bare feet laying out lines, dropping boats, squirting hoses, etc., the passengers will not be pleased, and even less so if you get tough with them and say, All hands put on life jackets and get into them boats, never mind if there's a real fire. Competition is keen; they will travel elsewhere; the company will lose money.

So what you get is a floating and courteous hotel, everything well appointed and the captain a perfect host if nothing else. To get stern about it and demand of such a boat's chambermaids that they observe some weird fiction about a tradition of the sea is about as consistent as it would be to condemn all bellboys who wouldn't stay behind and fry if the Waldorf should burn down.

Even good seamen (who, like the newspaper men at the trial, cared nothing for their own lives) would have the devil of a time doing anything with whole mobs of frightened shuffling house guests at any time. Death is a terrible thing and all that, but if you want to find the underlying reason why this crew was not able to make a better showing for itself, you have to go beyond its personal failings to what is fundamentally wrong, an arrogant comfortable public, shouldering and pushing and standing on its rights as paying customer, wanting to eat its life jacket and have it too.

The public wants something that will look like Radio City and it wants lackeys to stand respectfully about in it. Moreover, if you wanted to break up this racket of absentee owners—money in an investment and get it back at all costs—you would get the finest collection of howls about stifling enterprise from it that you ever heard. The public, whether wittingly or not, has been asking for just such things as the "Morro Castle" incident all along: that it has not got them more often is a sort of left-handed tribute to chance, modern science and to a certain tough heroism, which seems to take a long time in dying, and which has proved itself impervious to ill use alone for centuries. Labor has always been fighting owners on the sea, and in spite of it has built up a body of superhuman ideals that we are pleased to sit around in warm spots and call Tradition, and no more than is to be expected. There is no use bringing in this unequal battle as a cause for the present disaster: seamen will probably go on throwing away their lives for fools and money lenders as long as they are allowed. The thing throws light on what laborers on the sea are up against, but the cause for it is on some other front. Shipping in general is a very good example of the workings of ruggedly individual enterprise, and if you want to change it, to make it safe, what is the answer?

OTIS FERGUSON.

New York City.

Extracts from Letters

W. H. KAUFMAN of Bellingham, Washington, writes to know if anyone can locate where in Jefferson's works he wrote: "Governments are republican only in proportion as they embody the will of the people and execute it. . . . An elective despotism is not the government we fought for."

The case of Jan Wittenber, Chicago artist now under indictment at Hillsboro, Illinois, charged with criminal syndicalism and unlawful assembly—and therewith risking a twenty-year sentence—is described by Alan Calmer of New York City, who writes us concerning the organization of a defense committee: "Wittenber and John Adams, marine worker, have been separated from the local prisoners, and are not permitted to receive any literature dealing with the case, as well as radical literature of any character. The Jan Wittenber Defense Committee has issued copies of this letter to individuals and organizations, calling on them to flood Governor Henry Horner, Springfield, Illinois, with letters and telegrams protesting against the unreasonably high bail and demanding the release of Wittenber, Adams and the others in the Hillsboro jail." Wittenber was arrested at Nokomis, Illinois, on June 2 while organizing a local branch of the International Labor Defense during a demonstration for unemployment relief. When first brought to court he was beaten and threatened with lynching and his attorney was driven from town.

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

Donkey Town

FONTAMARA"[1] is a novel that takes its name from a village. The village stands on a dry hilltop in the barren country east of Rome; it consists of a church with broken windows and about a hundred one-story houses. Most of these have only a single opening, which has to serve as doorway, window, chimney and vent for smells. Inside, on the dirt floor, are men, women, children, donkeys, pigs, goats and chickens, all eating, sleeping, procreating and complaining together within four walls. Fontamara is known as the poorest and most backward of the Marsican villages, but a few years ago it had its revolution, it fought against Rome. How the revolution came about is the subject of the novel.

It all began on the day the lights were turned off. For nearly a year, nobody in Fontamara had paid for electric lights; nobody had money to pay for them. Lately the agent hadn't even come round to present his bills; on his last trip somebody had shot from ambush and barely missed him. The Fontamarans had begun to think that electric lights were a gift of nature; then suddenly, on the evening of June 1, the lights went out and didn't come on again.

While the peasants were standing in the square before the church and discussing this extraordinary event, a soft-faced stranger appeared on a bicycle and ordered them to sign a petition to the government. He wouldn't tell them what the petition was, but he assured them that it had nothing to do with taxes and wouldn't cost them any money and so, after an argument, the Fontamarans obeyed. A few days later they learned just what the favor was that the government had granted at their humble request. There was a stream that for centuries had irrigated their fields and made it possible to grow corn and beans enough to keep them alive through the winter. The petition was supposed to be presented "in the superior interests of high production." It asked that the water be turned away from their own fields and used to irrigate a vineyard whose new owner, the Promoter, was "in a position to bring greater resources of capital to bear upon its development." Already workmen were busy diverting the stream.

The Fontamarans were fools; they were renowned as the greatest fools in Marsica and perhaps in all Italy. On one occasion when they petitioned to have a priest of their own, the townspeople sent them a donkey decked out in holy vestments. Another time—but there is no use repeating all the funny stories that were told about the Fontamarans. The point is that they were foolish enough to be gulled, but not foolish enough to starve to death willingly. All the women of the village went to the Promoter's house and began breaking his windows when he wouldn't listen to them, and might have burned the house down, too, if they hadn't been stopped by Don Circonstanza, the lawyer. He had a compromise to offer. "These women claim," he said, "that half the stream is not enough to irrigate their fields. Right they are, ten times over. So there is just one single solitary solution. Our alderman"—this was the Promoter himself, who had just been named to administer the township—"our alderman must have his three-fourths of the stream water, and the three-fourths of the water that remains will go to the Fontamarans. Thus the one party as well as the other will have a three-fourths share, that is, a trifle more than half."

The Fontamarans were fools, donkeys who deserved a donkey for their priest. They went away believing that they would actually receive three-fourths of their own stream, and not three-sixteenths of it. But when the division of water was made and their fields began to dry up and their corn turned yellow, the Fontamarans knew soon enough what had happened; this time they were even ready to attack the town hall and fight the fascist militia. Don Circonstanza, the lawyer, stopped them by offering another compromise: after a reasonable period, the water should be given back to them. How long was a reasonable period? The Promoter said fifty years, the priest forty, the notary public twenty-five, but Don Circonstanza argued for a shorter period and insisted that the water should be turned back to Fontamara after "ten quinquenniads." So the agreement was written, and the Fontamarans went home half-satisfied. They couldn't bring themselves to believe that ten quinquenniads would be longer than ten months.

The Fontamarans were fools and their foolishness had a legendary quality; they resembled the youngest brother in the fairy tales. Like him they could see at least as far as the ends of their noses. They could see that times were getting harder for them every year, and taxes higher, and wages lower. They could see that none of them had a chance any longer to rise in the world and buy a piece of land. In the old days the Fontamarans used to emigrate to Brazil or the Argentine and come back with money enough to set themselves up as farmers, but now emigration was forbidden and there was even a law against going to look for work in another Italian province without special permission from the alderman. The Fontamarans had nothing left to depend on but their fields, and their fields henceforth were barren.

Fools as they were, they had learned two lessons. The first was that the farmers of Marsica had to forget their ancient feuds, house against house, village against village, and unite against their common enemies: the promoters, the fascist militia and the government of the rich. The second was that the question they had to ask in each new situation was not "To whom shall we turn?" or "Who ever heard the like of it?" but "What must we do?" This was what Lenin used to ask, and people said his mind was like that of a peasant; the bright men like Kerensky despised him for being slow-witted. The Fontamarans, though they had never heard of him, were beginning to follow Lenin's path: they were laying plans, choosing leaders, writing a farmers' newspaper and making alliances with the neighboring villages. But before the first issue of their newspaper was distributed, the fascist cavalrymen came galloping up the road that led from the valley and—

The story goes no farther. Some of the Fontamarans were killed, some were imprisoned, but nobody knows their names or what happened afterwards. At least three of the peasants escaped in the darkness. Helped by the Unknown Hand, they made their way northward for hundreds of miles and crossed the border into Switzerland. One night Ignazio Silone found the three of them—father, mother and grown son—sitting on his doorstep in Zurich. Silone is an Italian writer who used to live near Fontamara, until he defended the peasants too warmly and had to go into

[1] Fontamara, by Ignazio Silone. Translated by Michael Wharf. New York: Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. $2.50.

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exile. He took the refugees into his house and listened all night while they told him what had happened in the countryside where he spent his boyhood. Now the father talked, now the mother or the son, but there was no break in the narrative; always the whole village was speaking through their lips.

That is how "Fontamara" came to be written. It is a political novel that deals, apparently, with life in a single village, and yet this village is a concave mirror in which the whole of fascist Italy is reflected in miniature. The book is so simple and quickly moving and full of hill-country humor that it seems shorter than it really is; you read to the end without laying it down and are surprised to find that it is long past midnight. Afterwards you reflect that although the story begins as broad farce and ends as tragedy, the underlying tone of it is neither one nor the other. Beneath the events of the story is a lyrical sadness, the longing for home of a man who loves his own country and can't go back to it until the present government is overthrown. Perhaps Silone won't have to wait until his hair turns white.

MALCOLM COWLEY.

The Bourgeois Gentleman

The Permanent Horizon, by Ludwig Lewisohn. New York: Harper and Brothers. 223 pages. $2.50.

THE American Liberty League, if it ever draws up a white list of recent books, should give a distinguished place in it to this volume of Ludwig Lewisohn's essays. More and more completely, and at last startlingly, Mr. Lewisohn reveals himself as an admirable press agent for reaction. He has of course many qualifications for the role: a lingering reputation as a vaguely leftward philosopher; a rich and even sirupy prose style; a full stock of quotations from Goethe; an uncanny mastery of the fallacy of equivocation; a respect for the views of Walter Pitkin; fear and hatred of the masses; a cavalier indifference to what his opponents really believe; and a positive program —if it can be called that—calculated to alarm no one in power and incapable of being translated into social action. He has finally managed to acquire the classic gestures, the standard intonations, of the systematic obscurantist.

His specific animus in this book is naturally directed at Marxism, about which he seems to have developed a genuine phobia, but of which he has made no effort to obtain a true knowledge. It is not pleasant to see a writer of Ludwig Lewisohn's caliber parroting the old charges against "the Marxian ideology of man as the stripped and supine object of economic forces," and the "Marxian" theory that economic history is "the only kind of history"; to see him willfully or ignorantly disregarding the Marxian emphasis on conscious change, and perhaps deliberately confusing the *primacy* of economic forces in history with their *exclusive* significance. He touches the low point of ungenerous controversy when he attributes to Lenin, along with Henry Ford, the sentiment that "history is bunk," but in general the charge that his enemies are mechanistic fatalists comes with little grace from a writer who preaches "the eternal necessity of resignation," the achievement of "peace with the inevitable so-ness of man and of his world," and "ultimate submission to the will of God."

The "compleat" reactionary comes out not only in such thoughts as these, but in Lewisohn's denial of novelty, his insistence that there is "nothing new in human nature," his verbiage about "the classical or permanent man," his tribute to "this perfectly integral civilization which man has built up," his freakish refusal to believe that "any of our sorrows and failures can be traced to material causes," and his argument that what is needed to cure our ills is not economic or political action but "contrition and conversion," "a change of heart," "not Karl Marx but Moses and Jesus."

All this is flatulent and foolish enough, but it is dismally familiar: what is fresh in the book, in an odd and indeed bizarre way, is confined mainly to the first essay, and consists of a really original defense of the abused bourgeois. To most writers on the subject, he is the member of a specific historical class, who has had much to do with making modern civilization what it is, and who in his *Blütezeit* was capable of certain homely virtues as well as guilty of certain unheroic vices. When Mr. Lewisohn gets through with him, he has ceased to be an industrious and acquisitive shopkeeper—much less a ruthless enterpriser —and has become a Piers Plowman, a Red Cross Knight, a Very Gallant Gentleman. He has become "the disinterested property-owning man of the ages, capable of disinterestedness not least because he owns property," "the eternal religious property-holding freeman of the ages," "the psycho-biological type of the middle, which has created civilization." His characteristic aims are said to be "security, dignity, privacy, liberation from sordid care for the sake of cultural disinterestedness," and his blood-brothers have been all the great prophets and artists of the ages. In this effulgence of beautiful words, the ugly realities vanish, and only a godlike figure remains visible. Mr. Lewisohn should certainly be awarded some prize for the most useful myth of the year.

NEWTON ARVIN.

An Essay in Experience

Tale Without End, by Lilo Linke. With an introduction by Storm Jameson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 257 pages. $2.50.

LILO LINKE, a German socialist girl, tells about her adventures in France during the year before Hitler. She begins her story in a workers' college in Frankfort, by falling in love with a young worker, and persuading him and his three friends to let her follow their bicycle trip to France. In clear, sharp English, obviously not native to her, but saltier for the novelty, she gives us her tour through disaster—capitals, battlefields, coal mines, evening vineyards, blasted with failure. She draws in her limitations sturdily: she is twenty-two, a bourgeoise turned militant socialist, and alone. Her love for Fred leaves her in a hopeless relationship, for he will not love her, being fixed in hatred and anger for the forces that broke his family. She leaves the boys quickly after that collapse, and keeps on, visiting the Breton peasants and later going to the silk country near Lyons and to Marseilles. In the embarrassing position of a German wanting to be friendly in France, and an eager person having to thrust herself into other lives, she comes off well, and the reader has hardly any sense of the prying necessary to accomplish such books.

"Tale Without End" is unpretentious, and successful because of that: it is free from political digressions, a background for which is supplied by Storm Jameson's introduction. It will be compared with "Pit College," but it substitutes intelligent readiness for the air of candor of the American book. It will be compared in its material with the lives of other students who have made similar ventures; and it should come off well there, too. For its author has not gone off on zigzags of sensation, but has given her readers,

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in spite of the book's restrictions of form and point of view, an essay in experience that is both private and representative. In "Tale Without End" we have conglomerate growth; a mature person issuing through the unsteady, demanding girl, a solid attitude through rapid scenes, landscape through battlefields.

MURIEL RUKEYSER.

For Social Insurance

The Quest for Security, by I. M. Rubinow. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 638 pages. $3.50.

IT IS hard to do justice to a volume so significant and masterly as Dr. Rubinow's on a subject so closely integrated with practically every phase of our socio-economic life. The author treats in some detail the four horsemen of poverty: accidents, illness, old age and joblessness. The present $250,000,000 a year provided for workers' compensation in case of injury, he says, is barely half enough. He estimates the cost of illness to the working masses at about $3,000,000,000 yearly; and is amazed to find the American medical profession "so grossly ignorant of problems and movements touching upon its most vital interests." The need for old-age provision is not fully met by the present pension laws, nor can it be fulfilled by contributory-insurance plans for many years.

The questions of unemployment and unemployment insurance are treated with satire, horse sense and rare insight; and there is pointed irony in the account of the various panaceas proposed during the depression, through the apple-peddling method to public-works programs. Dr. Rubinow meets the charge that governmental unemployment-insurance systems would inevitably break down with the simple statement of fact that even after these many years of depression "all unemployment-insurance systems of Europe are working."

The book's discussion of the philosophy and advantages of social insurance should be made compulsory reading for all who write so glibly and ignorantly on the subject, and it should be of special value to those who are now preparing the President's program of social insurance. Dr. Rubinow believes that "any two or even one of the three principles" (compulsion, state participation in the cost, and a public insurance institution) "are sufficient to bring the system within the field of social insurance." Because of this, he considers American private group insurance as a form of social insurance, while old-age pensions and mothers' allowances "may be included within the concept of social insurance by courtesy only." But distinctions between insurance and relief schemes cannot be effectively drawn today, and it is strongly argued that any adequate system will require government participation. Dr. Rubinow's fear that there must always be a stigma attached to straight governmental pensions or relief is unfounded, as witness the respectability attached to government pensions for military service.

Despite his candor and frank affirmation that the book is a plea for social insurance, Dr. Rubinow frequently suffers from a desire to be somewhat sweetly reasonable. He presents a strong case for keeping private insurance companies out of social-insurance administration, but remarks that "it is almost embarrassing to have to announce this belief." After developing the most damaging case ever made against the principle of individual company reserves, such as is embodied in the Wisconsin Act, just gone into effect, he submits a niggardly compromise, and later is tacitly willing to accept social insurance through the industrial codes, which essentially would differ not at all from the Wisconsin idea. Neither can Dr. Rubinow's conclusion that the health-insurance movement of fifteen years ago failed in this country simply because of strong opposition pass unchallenged. There were many improvements made in compensation and mothers' pension laws, old-age pensions blossomed out and there was considerable progress along the fronts of child-labor, minimum-wage and woman's protective legislation during that period. Dr. Rubinow concedes that every one of these movements encountered practically the same and equally strong opposition. He further points out that there was practically no agitation for either health or unemployment insurance until the end of the decade. Is it not more logical to attribute this lack of progress, in large part at least, to the fact that the "group of enthusiasts" failed to keep up with their enthusiasm during the dark days and simply gave up the battle?

Students of social insurance everywhere will find this book, as they have found Dr. Rubinow's first book, published twenty years ago, an inspiration and a treasure. The author's grasp and felicity of expression are rare in American social literature, and must leave him one of the outstanding international authorities on the subject.

ABRAHAM EPSTEIN.

The Theory of Neuroses

Outline of Clinical Psychoanalysis, by Otto Fenichel. Translated by Bertram D. Lewin and Gregory Zilborg. New York: W. W. Norton and Company. 492 pages. $5.

THIS IS the first of a series of psychological monographs sponsored and serialized by the Psychoanalytic Quarterly. In it Dr. Fenichel, who is associated with the Berlin Psychoanalytic Institute, presents a "systematic outline" of "the theory of the neuroses," a theory which, he says, "has the same relation to psychoanalytic practice as pathology has to internal medicine." His interpretation of psychic disorders is unconditionally Freudian, but very nearly encyclopedic, and his exposition includes not only sexual perversions, schizophrenias, hysterias, compulsion neuroses, but such lesser derangements as gambling, drinking, stuttering, bronchial asthma and numberless "character disorders"—all explained in terms of Oedipus or castration complexes, oral or anal erotism, or the eternal conflict between the id, the ego and the super-ego.

This outline purports to be "an almost impersonal presentation of clinical data which psychoanalysis has collected in the course of almost forty years," but it is actually a tribute to the individual and highly personal therapeutic genius of Sigmund Freud. Although Dr. Fenichel reports generously upon the work of Ferenczi, Deutsch, Ernest Jones, etc., such supplementary work would be incomprehensible, as originally it would have been impossible, without Freud's concept of the unconscious.

Dr. Fenichel's translators confide to us that he "frankly sacrifices simplified clarity to systematic completeness," and the cause of simplified clarity is certainly not aided by the quality of their translation. Yet in its intent and emphasis this book serves a useful purpose for the "general reader" as well as for the psychic specialist. Whatever may be its eventual contribution to a complete philosophy of the human mind, psychoanalysis was primarily, and is still fundamentally, a technique for discovering and thereby curing mental disorders. And it is well to have this fact restated —even in almost five hundred pages of technical and rather dullish prose.

GRACE ADAMS.

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Mexican Art and Archeology

Archeological Monuments of Mexico. 20 pages, 159 plates. $3.

Three Centuries of Mexican Colonial Architecture. 21 pages, 150 plates. $3.

Mexican Painting: 1800-1860, by Roberto Montenegro. 19 pages, 62 plates. $3.50.

New York: D. Appleton-Century Company.

A SERIES of monographs covering the whole field of ancient and modern Mexican art is attractive in its promise. The Gulf of Mexico zone in ancient art is to America what the Mediterranean region is to Europe. Post-Spanish art in Mexico is likewise the richest, most developed field of colonial art in America, modern Mexican art being so far the only new and powerful contribution of this continent. Mexico has a strong tradition, expressed in many different ways and growing out of the subsoil of a vigorous past and a sturdy constant popular art. The recognition of its importance to American students especially, by means of monographs that would make its importance clear and its material available, looks encouraging.

But in the books at hand there are some grounds for disappointment. The Appleton-Century series begins with three monographs previously published by the National Secretariat of Education in Mexico, with the prefaces translated and with new bindings. The first of the three is put together with photographs from the National Department of Archeology, taken as a rule for purposes of technical study and record. They cover the entire field of ancient Mexican architecture and sculpture, or try to. This means that the book contains the most famous buildings of the most famous ruins (Teotihuacan, Chichen-Itza, Uxmal, Labna, Mitla and some others) and a few pictures of the more startling pieces in the National Museum. There is something to be said for such handbooks, and this one might have been a good one if the photographs had been better than average, selected carefully and reproduced well; but none of these things was done. The book therefore does a grave injustice to the powerful architecture and sculpture of the ancient Mexicans.

The Colonial Art monograph has much the same faults. It attempts to cover three centuries of widely varied architecture, sculpture and painting, much of it unknown except to a few specialists. Colonial architecture, however, is easier than pre-Spanish to understand and admire at first sight, and, though haphazardly chosen, the photographs are a good deal better. The handbook would make a pleasant little thing to have if only the reproductions were not so cloudy, but students and amateurs might find it worth looking at anyhow.

The third book of the series, Roberto Montenegro's monograph on nineteenth-century painting, deals with a special and minor branch of Mexican art, but within these limits is the best job of the three. The material in this book consists almost entirely of portraits, many of them anonymous, most of them provincial, painted in every case at a good distance from the "official" art of the period and even now not admitted to the National Art Galleries except as historical curiosities. This school of painting has had considerable influence on some of the modern Mexicans, especially Rivera. Montenegro's introduction is brief, but informative. He chooses his material well, has gotten good photographs of it, and manages to achieve excellent reproductions in the same government printing shop that did so badly by the others.

ANITA BRENNER.

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Books in Brief

My Cousin, F. Marion Crawford, by Maud Howe Elliott. New York: The Macmillan Company. 331 pages. $2.50.

GRANDSON of a New York banker, son of the sculptor (originally a plain stone-cutter) who produced the Armed Liberty on the Capitol at Washington, nephew of Julia Ward Howe, father of the first American—according to Mrs. Elliott—to die (in the British Army) in the World War, Marion Crawford was a curiously representative American figure, despite his largely European education, his Romanism, his villa at Sorrento and his superficial relations with the America of his day. With his personal brilliance, his essentially glassy cosmopolitanism, his love of luxury and grandeur, and the extravagance that drove him to overwork and a premature death, he was a character straight out of a novel of James's: in such a light, though at best he can interest a later generation but mildly, Crawford is more interesting in his own right than he is as a novelist, and Mrs. Elliott's pleasant, unpretentious biography seems to be exactly the one he deserves.

N. A.

In the Dark Backward, by Henry W. Nevinson. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 293 pages. $2.50.

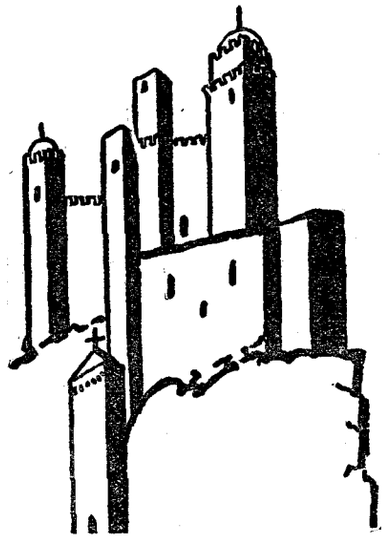
Few men of his generation have had the opportunity to observe history in the making at so close a range as had Mr. Nevinson. He mingles a keen historical sense with inclinations to romance and satire alike; and upon observing some particular event in the present, he will let these faculties play back over the past, bringing its old stories to life. While on shipboard at Helles in the Dardanelles in 1915, for example, he saw the fall of Troy; in Epirus, over the haze of a Greek retreat in 1897, the battle of Actium. While he was at Spalato in 1913, perhaps because his mind was on Emperor Diocletian who built the city, there were the gods departing and the Christians coming in, as true as life. Christ was at Via Dolorosa and Byron at Missolonghi. Mr. Nevinson even saw the "Titanic," but in a humorous way. Strangely enough, the facts of the past do not seem so remote when linked in this manner with the present, nor are Mr. Nevinson's visions so incongruous with their setting. His book is charming reading in spots—not as history, for whose course he has no new charts—but more as a historical novel without its Anthony.

J. C.

First Childhood, by Lord Berners. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. 273 pages. $2.50.

Even as a small child Lord Berners did not like his nearest relatives, though he had an acute appreciation of their characteristic oddities. He tells us about them with Butlerian frankness but with unButlerian detachment. An imaginative child who didn't like sports in an unimaginative family who liked little else, he showed considerable ingenuity and youth consciousness in holding his own against his elders. His rugged individualism, an excellent quality in family life, brought him through apparently unscathed and unembittered. Parents, grandparents, governesses, queer cousins, school heroes, sadistic schoolmasters—here is the usual Victorian rue worn with a difference. The light, somewhat brittle style, agreeably peppered with amusing anecdotes, covers a good deal of wisdom and emotion.

C. G. S.



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CLIFTON FADIMAN, *New Yorker*

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Time Magazine

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LEWIS GANNETT, *N. Y. Herald Tribune*

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Cobbers, by Thomas Wood. New York: Oxford University Press. 270 pages. $2.50.

This book is a delightful answer to the question, "What is it like in Australia?" Dr. Wood, who is, I believe, a musicologist, spent two years in the Commonwealth and his mission took him to all the settled states, West Australia, South Australia, Victoria, New South Wales and Queensland. A jolly good fellow with a liking for roughing it, he was able to see the Australia that lies outside the lobbies and bars of the fashionable hotels (though he did not avoid bars—an impossibility had he wanted to) and set down what he saw and did in an easy prose that conveys his gusto. For a title he has taken the Australian equivalent for "buddy"; and there is a good deal of "buddy" spirit in his book, but it is not of the offensive variety. He tells you what Australians are like—their attitude toward work, themselves, their fellows in other states and the world at large; what kind of houses they build, how they enjoy themselves, their virtues and faults, what the scenery is like in its average and spectacular moments both, what the weather is like—what, in fine, everything is like in the country. There is very little about "the land of social experiments" and such solemn things, and of that little much displeases me. But as for answering the eternal question, this book is the real McCoy at last. C. H. G.

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Contributors

LEWIS MUMFORD is the author of many books and articles, both general and technical, on architecture, art, literature and the social sciences. His most recent work, "Technics and Civilization," was published last spring.

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ANITA BRENNER is the author of "Idols Behind Altars."

The initials signed to the brief reviews are those of Newton Arvin, John Cournos, Clara G. Stillman and C. Hartley Grattan.

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Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Bruce Bliven, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of The New Republic and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption required by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Law and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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